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## THE DINING SOCIETIES OF LONDON.\*

Modern London is so large, and society in London, in consequence, is broken up into so many cliques, that few or no opportunities ever occur for gathering at one dinner table all the men who are most distinguished for culture, for wit, and for the many other qualities which make conversation brilliant, instructive and entertaining. The social conditions, indeed, which sixty years ago enabled Lord and Lady Holland constantly to welcome at Holland House such good talkers as Sydney Smith and Luttrell, Moore and Rogers, Macaulay and Jeffrey, Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, and many others, no longer prevail; and we who read the stories of these dinners, and contrast them with some of those at which we ourselves have been present, are tempted sometimes to conclude that society, as it grows older and more complex, is becoming a little dull; we feel, at any rate, that it has not been our lot to witness, week after week, gatherings so brilliant as those at which it was the privilege of a former generation to assist.

Yet, when we ponder on these things, we are sometimes disposed to conclude that the disappearance from London life of the houses to which all the recognized and all the rising intellect naturally gravitated does not

prove the absence from among us of men naturally formed to excel in conversation. The stars still illuminate the social heavens; but, instead of being collected in constellations, they shine in comparative solitude. They are drawn off, one by one, to throw a little life into the conversation at the tables of some rich or exalted personage, who finds, according to the old saying, that "the society of the very great when unrelieved by men of talent is, like table-land, high and flat." And their own brilliance is partially obscured by the process. For conversation must be kindled into wit by the conflict of minds; and the talker who depends on himself alone, and is not stimulated by those with whom he is conversing, degenerates into monologue, and becomes a hero.

That brilliant talkers, however, still shine in modern London, and that they are still imbued with a natural desire to come together, will be recognized, we think, by any of our readers who have had the good fortune to be present at the meetings of the great dining societies. In one sense, indeed, these gatherings can never quite replace the dinners for which, in a previous generation, Holland House was famous. Men and women are, in a social sense, never quite at their best when the two sexes are not brought

\* "The History of the Society of Dilettanti." Compiled by Lionel Cust, M.A., Director of the National Portrait Gallery, and edited

by Sidney Colvin, M.A., Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, sometime Secretary of the Society. London: 1898.

together. And dinners at which men only are present lack, in consequence, some of the charm which accomplished and agreeable women bring to every entertainment. But, notwithstanding this defect, the great dining societies of London collect periodically at their tables many of the most agreeable talkers of the day, and perhaps no one can quite appreciate what conversation in London still is who has not had the privilege of attending one or more of these gatherings.

The publication by the oldest of these societies of the elaborate history of its proceedings, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, furnishes us with an excuse and an opportunity for making a few remarks on the subject. Forty years ago, indeed, some account of the Dilettanti Society was given in these pages by a writer whose taste and whose culture peculiarly qualified him for dealing sympathetically with the more serious work of a body of which it is understood that he was himself a distinguished member. But the article of 1857 dealt especially with the Dilettanti's services to art. While we cannot be wholly silent on that portion of the subject, our chief object to-day is to dwell on the social services which this society and its fellows are discharging.

Before, however, proceeding any further we must congratulate the Society on the book which is before us. Its illustrations, its type, its paper and its binding are worthy of the Dilettanti. But if the publishers have done their work well, the same praise may be extended both to the author and to the editor. Mr. Lionel Cust has brought to his task a knowledge of the manners and of the memoirs of the eighteenth century which has proved eminently serviceable to him;

Mr. Sidney Colvin speaks of the more serious work of the Dilettanti with an authority which no one can dispute. The result of their combined labors is a work which will interest every one who is attracted by the revival of classical taste, which the Dilettanti have done so much to encourage and promote. Into the more serious matters with which the book deals, however, we are not going to enter in this article. We propose only to concern ourselves to-day with the Dilettanti as one of the oldest dining societies of London. We want, if we can, to illustrate one of the many phases of society in London with which necessarily only a few people are familiar, but which is well worth a little attention.

At the very outset, indeed, we are arrested by one difficulty; the dining societies of London are so numerous that it is impossible to deal with all of them in a single article. Many of our readers, for instance, must have noticed paragraphs in the newspapers telling how the "Odd Volumes" met on a particular day, or how "the Savages" entertained some civilized guest. We all know that the Fox Club still commemorates the name of a great man, and that the Eighty Club still perpetuates a great victory. The members of the Royal Society Club, which was founded in the middle of last century, still periodically dine together. The Smeatonians, consisting chiefly of civil engineers,<sup>1</sup> have since 1771 similarly met (according to the sentiment still given at their dinners) to dam[n] our canals, sink our coal-pits, blast our quarries, disperse our commerce, and to utter other sentiments, some of which are perhaps hardly suitable for reproduction in pages intended for general reading. The Economists

<sup>1</sup> We say chiefly, because some distinguished military engineers and one distinguished parlia-

mentary counsel are, so we are informed, members of the Smeatonians.

venerate the memory of Malthus by dinners at which some abstract question in political economy is discussed. We are not sure, however, that we have the knowledge to give any adequate account of such societies as these. And they all differ in one respect from the societies to which we propose to devote this article; for they all tolerate, and even welcome, the habitual presence of strangers, while the societies with which we deal to-day are more exclusive in their character. With the exception of the Literary, which permits its president to invite as the guest of the society any one individual,<sup>2</sup> no stranger is, we believe, seen at their tables. A proposal so to invite a distinguished man, who had done the Society much service, raised a revolt in the ranks of the Dilettanti.<sup>3</sup> All the societies, therefore, with which we deal to-day are exclusive in their character. They are (we arrange them in the order of their formation): The Dilettanti Society, The Club, Nobody's Club, the Literary Society, and Grillion's Club.

The constitution of these various bodies is not uniform. The Literary Society and Nobody's Club have permanent presidents, who regularly preside at their dinners. Each member of The Club, on the contrary, takes his turn in presiding; the Dilettanti and Grillion's select at each of their meetings one of their members, whom they place in the chair. The affairs of each society are regulated largely by a secretary, who is responsible for its finances, and who, in the case of The Club, is called the treasurer.

The qualities which make men apparently eligible for office of this char-

acter are, we must suppose, comparatively uncommon, since the same men have been found in the past, and may still be seen, discharging the same functions in one or more of these societies. The late Sir Robert Inglis, for example, or Mr. R. H. Inglis, as he was at the time, "possessing a competent knowledge of arithmetic and an unimpeached character," was made one of the joint secretaries of Grillion's in 1820. He continued to occupy that office till 1843, when "the Club of Clubs"—to quote their own language—"released their honorary (and much-honored ex) secretary from all duties, principles and emoluments." In the mean while, however, he had become president of the Literary Society, in 1824, and he continued to hold that office till 1850. To take another example, Sir John Coleridge became president of Nobody's in 1861, and was succeeded a few years afterwards by Mr. Spencer Walpole, who was already president of the Literary Society, and Mr. Walpole was succeeded in the chair of the latter society by the late Lord Coleridge. Sir Henry Englefield, to quote a third case, was secretary to the Dilettanti and treasurer to The Club. Mr. Henry Reeve was for many years the treasurer of The Club and the secretary of the Literary Society; and Mr. Sidney Colvin—to give one more instance—the present secretary of the Literary Society, discharged for some time with equal efficiency the same functions for the Dilettanti.

It is probably due to these circumstances that the same men who are members of one of these societies may be frequently found at the tables of

<sup>2</sup> We believe we are right in saying that this privilege is very rarely exercised, and that Mr. Lecky is the only Englishman alive who has been so invited. He dined with the Society after the publication of his "History of Rationalism" some years before he became one of its members. But the Society has usually invited each successive American Ambassador to its table.

And the present French Ambassador and one other distinguished French author have also been among its guests.

<sup>3</sup> The Society, however, on one or two occasions has made—as we are informed—an exception to this rule. The latest was in favor of the author of the history which we are reviewing.

the others. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, for instance, is a member of four of them—the Dilettanti, The Club, the Literary, and Grillion's; Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Lecky, of three—The Club, the Literary, and Grillion's; and other examples of the same kind might also be given. Yet we believe that we are right in saying that, though the same men may be found at the tables of all these societies, the conversation at each of them bears a character of its own. Nobody's—we assume that we may draw the inference from its constitution—is more serious. Grillion's has always made a point of gathering at its tables the leading members of each of the great political parties, and politics, we believe, are in consequence only touched on in a spirit of banter. The atmosphere of The Club, affected, we suppose, by traditions of Johnson and Gibbon, induces graver talk than the lighter ripple which enlivens the tables of the Literary Society. Alive again to their traditions, their customs and their surroundings, the members of the Dilettanti Society indulge in more open fun. If we may say so without offence, its very respectable and respected members delight on their Sunday gatherings for a few short hours to play the fool.

The Club possesses two portraits—"that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, presented by his niece, the Marchioness of Thomond; and that of Dr. Johnson, a copy of the Peel portrait in the National Gallery, presented by George Richmond, Esq., R.A., and Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A." Grillion's possesses no pictures. Yet it has been instrumental in obtaining the most important collection of historical portraits of the present century. Some time before 1826, its founder, Sir Thomas Acland, had "employed a clever artist of the name of Slater to

take likenesses in crayons of such of his friends as consented to sit for the purpose. It was now (May 6, 1826) suggested that if Sir Thomas Acland had no objection to lend his portraits for the purpose of engraving, each member might have a set who would go to the expense of having his own portrait engraved." The proposal was formally adopted by the club, which decided to bear, out of its own funds, the expense of engraving the portraits of its deceased members. And, in pursuance with this decision, a really admirable collection of portraits of distinguished men has been gradually accumulated. For many years these portraits were executed in crayon by the late Mr. Richmond, and many of them are types of the very best work ever performed by that eminent artist, whose social qualifications made him one of the most agreeable members of The Club, of Grillion's and of the Literary Society.

The Dilettanti has a gallery of its own, which is now open to public view in a room in the Grafton Gallery, where the Society's dinners are held. This collection had its origin in 1741, when it was formally ordered that "every member of the Society do make a present of his picture, in oil colors, drawn by Mr. George Knapp, a member, to be hung up in the room where the Society meets"; and four years later it was further ordered that every member "who had not had his picture painted shall pay one guinea per annum till his picture be delivered." This fine of a guinea, which was known as face money, was paid by the members of the Society at any rate until 1812.

Under the influence of these two resolutions twenty-three of the earlier members of the Society had their portraits painted between 1741 and 1749; and these portraits, though they have little merit as works of art, are inter-

esting, because the members are painted in characters and costumes assumed for the purpose.

There is Lord Sandwich in the character of the great Mahomedan heretic, the Persian Hafiz; there is Lord Holderness as an Italian Gardener; there is Lord Galway as a Cardinal, and Lord Le Despencer as a Franciscan Monk, very ill behaved . . . ; there is Lord Blessington as a Spanish Minstrel, and Lord Bessborough as a Turk; there are the Duke of Dorset and Lord Barrington as Roman Generals.\*

Some of these portraits have been admirably reproduced in the history of the Society which we are now reviewing. If, however, the portraits of the Society had been confined to these pictures, little importance would have attached to them as works of art. In 1766, however—two years after he had founded The Club—Sir Joshua Reynolds was elected a member of the Dilettanti, and presented his own portrait to the Society. As it does not appear that he ever paid face money, there is little doubt that he presented this portrait, painted by himself, as soon as he became a member. In 1769 Sir Joshua was declared painter to the Society, and in 1779 he painted in that capacity the two famous groups of members which are among the most admirable of his works, and which, from the facts that they have been excellently well engraved, and that they were lent for many years by the Society to the National Gallery, are well known to the art-loving public.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was succeeded by Sir Thomas Lawrence, not merely in the inferior office of President of the Royal Academy (which he filled, however, only from 1820), but also in

the superior position of painter of the Society; and in the latter capacity he painted three pictures—one of Richard Payne Knight, who presented this portrait to the Society, of which he was a well-known member, in 1805; a second of Sir Henry Englefield, who in 1812 was "commanded with all possible expedition to put his face into the most picturesque order in his power, and, as soon as he shall have succeeded in this great and difficult work, to present himself to Mr. Lawrence, the painter to the Society, to the end that a portrait of the said secretary be painted with all speed by him for the use of the Society"; a third of Lord Dundas, who, as the venerable "father of the Society," was painted five years afterwards.

The other portraits of interest in the Society's possession are: One of West, which he gave to the Society in 1818, and which he requested the Society's indulgence to reproduce in the two portraits of himself which he had been asked to present to the Capitol in Rome and to the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; another of Morritt of Rokeby as arch-master of the ceremonies, dressed in that great and most respectable office, which was painted by Shee in 1832; and a third, of the late Sir E. Ryan, in the garb of secretary to the Society, the work of Lord Leighton. Since Lord Leighton's death the Society ordered a copy of his own portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, which has now been added to their collection; and Mr. Sidney Colvin's portrait, on his retirement from the office of secretary, was ordered to be painted by the present painter to the Society, Sir Edward Poynter.

It is now, however, time to say something of the origin of these societies, and, in doing so, we shall avail ourselves of the privately printed an-

\* We have ventured to reproduce the description of these portraits from the article in this Review of 1857.

nals of Grillon's and Nobody's, to which we have had the advantage of having access, as well as of the more elaborate history of the Dilettanti, which forms the text of this article.

Of the five societies, Nobody's is the only one which has any political tendencies. From its first foundation, in 1807, to the present day, it has upheld the old principle of church and state; its ordinary members consist of an equal number of clergymen and laymen; and, though Whigs and Liberals are elected to it, we think we are safe in saying that its tables have never been profaned by the presence of a strong Liberal who was not also a strong churchman. Nobody's, or Nobody's Friends—to quote its proper title—was founded in 1807 by William Stevens, a partner in a large hosiery business in London, who, as the inscription on his monument tells us, "Educated, and his whole life engaged in trade, found time to enrich his mind with English, French, Latin, Greek, and especially Hebrew, literature." In addition to these literary pursuits he was known among his contemporaries as one of the most charitable of men and as one of the most profound theologians of his age. He was the author of numerous anonymous pamphlets, which he subsequently collected into one volume as *Ὅδευδς ἔργα*. This title gave the name to the Club. If Stevens were willing to assume the modest *nom de plume* of "Nobody," its members were delighted to call themselves Nobody's Friends. To this day the Club keeps the memory of its founder green by drinking, as the first toast at each of its dinners, to the immortal memory of Nobody, the founder of this Club.

On February 7, 1807, so the privately printed annals of the Club relate, "William Stevens 'Nobody,' the founder of this Club, entered into his rest. No meeting of the Club took

place during this month, but in May, 1807, it was resolved unanimously that the Club be continued, and meet at the accustomed times, which, according to the rules, were the last day of February, the 29th of May, and the 29th of November."

Since that time the Club has increased the frequency of its meetings and added to the number of its members. In 1875, "in consequence of the numerous candidates for admission to the Society known as Nobody's" it was decided to enlarge its numbers to thirty lay and thirty clerical members; and in 1880 it was further determined that, when a bishop or a judge is a candidate for election, he shall be balloted for at once, and if elected, considered an honorary member. This rule seems to have added inconveniently to the size of the Club, for in the following year it was decided to reduce its numbers gradually to fifty ordinary members. We notice, however, that when the account of Nobody's Friends was prepared for private circulation in 1885, the Club still consisted of fifty-nine ordinary members.

The rule which enables Nobody's, like the Athenæum, to elect bishops and judges out of their turn has, perhaps naturally, led to another result. The Club seems to prefer men of high position on the Bench to preside at its dinners. From the foundation of the Club to 1885 (when its annals were written) its successive presidents had been Sir R. Richards, Sir J. Park, Sir John Patteson, Sir John Coleridge and Mr. Spencer Walpole. Mr. Walpole, it may be added, wrote, at the request of the Club, a notice of his two predecessors, which was privately printed by Mr. Murray, an old member of the Club, and presented by him to his colleagues as an offering from Nobody for Nobody. Thus for eighty years, the Club had as its successive presi-

dents men who had made their name at the Bar, and who, with one exception, had risen to the Bench.

Grillion's was formed some years later than Nobody's, and in very different circumstances. A few college friends "who lived together in the most cordial intimacy at Christchurch," and several of whom reassembled later in Edinburgh to attend the lectures of Dugald Stewart, Playfair and Hope, decided, on commencing life in London, to form a small society at which they could meet. They dined together three or four years in succession at Grillion's Hotel, and in the beginning of 1813 decided to make these gatherings more frequent and to enlarge their own numbers. Up to that date they had met as the Christchurch Club; but the title seemed a little too narrow for a society which was gradually attracting to its table persons who had never been at Christchurch, and in 1817 its members were invited to suggest some new name by which it could in future be known. The names thus suggested failed, however, to command any support, and the Club during the first ten years of its existence seems to have been known as the Wednesday Club, and the Club at Grillion's. The latter title was gradually abbreviated into Grillion's Club.

The most prominent name among the earlier founders was that of Stratford Canning (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), who continued for more than sixty years to attend its dinners. But the two men whose names are most intimately associated with the earlier history of the Club are those of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Inglis. These two men, in Lord Houghton's language, "had in common a combination of gayety of temperament and earnestness of purpose which gave a peculiar charm to their public and private life.

In Sir Robert the sincerity often deepened into intolerance, so that he rather permitted the differences of opinion which the other comprehended and enjoyed. To Sir Thomas Dyke Acland the well-filled life of the country gentleman gave a larger freedom of thought and action; and the rare honor conferred on him of the statue erected during his lifetime in the midst of his provincial capital, of which a reduction in silver adorns our table, is at once a testimony to his intrinsic worth and delightful social bearing."

Well known as the founders of the Club were in political circles, it was perhaps natural that it should be chiefly recruited from the members of the two Houses of Parliament, and we believe that it was for many years a tradition that the majority of successive Cabinets should have seats at its table. In later years the Club has enlarged its recruiting ground, and men who have distinguished themselves in literature, in the public service, and in other ways, have been frequently elected. But, notwithstanding its political composition, it has been always free from party asperities. As the fourteenth Earl of Derby said of it in 1837:—

The characteristic of our Club is that, the great majority being members of Parliament, and comprising, as you will see, men of the most opposite politics, Grillion's has always been, in the utmost heat of parties and throughout the most keenly agitated sessions, an absolutely neutral ground; and if the reminiscences of Grillion's were interleaved with Hansard's Debates, I do not believe that any human being would believe in the fidelity of both reports.

Three years after writing the letter from which this extract has been given, Lord Derby (if we may trust our memory for an anecdote which

was told us by a member who had been present at the occurrence) was one of the chief actors at a scene which singularly illustrated his words. In the closing months of the Melbourne administration party politics ran high, and on one especial occasion Lord Derby (or Lord Stanley, as he was then) waxed warm in attacking a measure which Lord Morpeth (as Irish Secretary) was defending. The debate had raged—we can apply no milder word—round a particular clause which had been subjected to amendment, and which was again and again referred to as the Amended Clause. When the members of the Club sat down to dinner that evening only one chair, as chance befell, remained vacant, and that chair was next the one which Lord Morpeth occupied. After dinner had commenced Lord Stanley entered the room, and naturally had to take the only vacant seat. The other members present held their breaths, doubting whether even the traditions of Grillion's would keep the peace between two such antagonists after such an encounter. Sir Thomas Acland, however, who was in the chair, summoned a waiter, and, pointing to a dish of dressed lobster on the table, said, "Take that dish of dressed lobster immediately to Lord Morpeth and Lord Stanley. Lord Morpeth! Lord Stanley! the amended clause!" the laughter which ensued drowned the possibility of strife, and the fun became as boisterous and good-humored as ever.

The predominating influence which politicians have always exerted in Grillion's has never been perceptible either in The Club or in the Literary Society. Both of these institutions have drawn their members from persons distinguished in every branch of life; and, though statesmen and politicians have been welcome at their tables, they have never formed a ma-

jority. Since 1780 The Club has comprised thirty-five members, with a resolution that its members should never exceed forty; the rules of the Literary Society declare, in the same spirit, that it shall consist of thirty-six ordinary members, with a power of enlarging the number to forty. Both societies, therefore, contain practically the same number of ordinary members. But while The Club makes no provision for the retirement of a member, the Literary Society allows its members full freedom to retire. In consequence, the average age of the members of The Club is greater than the average age of the members of the Literary Society; The Club contains, perhaps, the men of greater eminence, but the Literary Society comprises more regular diners. The atmosphere of The Club is the more venerable, the conversation of the Literary Society is the more lively.

Of the ordinary members of The Club, twelve—viz., Lord Acton, Mr. Lecky, Lord Wolseley, Sir G. Trevelyan, Sir A. Lyall, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, Sir Donald Wallace, Mr. Courthope, Sir Spencer Walpole, Sir W. H. Flower, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Pember (we give the names in the order of their election to the older institution)—are also members of the Literary Society. Lord Dufferin and Professor Jebb are ordinary members of The Club and honorary members of the Literary Society. Practically, therefore, more than one-third of the members of each society belong to the other.

The Club was founded in 1764. Among its eight original members were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke and Oliver Goldsmith. Garrick and Boswell joined it in 1773, Gibbon and Fox in 1774, Adam Smith in 1775; Sheridan, Lord Ashburton, Sir Joseph Banks, Windham, Lord Stowell, and Lord Spencer in 1778.

These are a few of the men who have met at its tables. But these are only examples of the men of eminence who have been members of this historic institution. During the last eighty years there have been fifteen prime ministers in England. Seven of them—Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord J. Russell, Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery—have also been members of the Club; Hallam, Grote, Milman, Macaulay, Sydney Smith and Tennyson have been among the men of letters who have belonged to it.

A club which in the past has contained men of such mark as these has naturally stood high in the opinion of men of culture, and there are few people, whose other avocations permitted them to join it, who would not probably regard it as a high honor to be elected as one of its members. And The Club itself recognizes the distinction which it thus confers; for it still addresses, through its chairman of the evening, a notice of his election to every successful candidate in the following terms, which were originally drawn up by Gibbon:—

Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you that you had last night the honour to be elected a member of The Club.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient, humble Servant,

The younger institution, the Literary Society, can hardly claim equal distinction in its founders, or, perhaps, even in its later members. Its first president was Sir James Bland Burgess, a gentleman widely known in London society during his own lifetime, and whose Memoirs have made his name familiar to the present generation. But among its original members were such men as William Scott,

Lord Stowell; Sir Martin Shee (the President of the Academy); Kemble (the actor); Gifford (of the Quarterly Review); Agar Ellis, Lord Clifden; Sharon Turner (the historian); Sharp (Conversation Sharp); Wordsworth; Pye (the Laureate); and poetasters like Spencer and Fitzgerald. It is evident from this list that literature was largely represented at the tables of the Society from its first formation, and the Society ever afterwards made literary merit one great qualification of membership. Such men as Croker, Crabbe, Washington Irving, Lockhart, Southey and Elwin, none of whom were ever elected to The Club, became members of the Society. And, even in the case of those authors who ultimately joined both institutions, the Society usually anticipated The Club in its election. Hallam, for instance, joined the Literary Society in 1811, and was not elected to The Club till 1823; Sir James Mackintosh joined the Society in 1812, The Club in 1814; Sir Walter Scott became a member of the Society in 1815, and of The Club in 1818; Milman joined the Society in 1818, and The Club in 1836; Owen joined the Literary in 1844, and The Club in 1845; Froude became a member of the Literary in 1862, and of The Club in 1865; Mr. Lecky in 1873 and 1874, and Huxley in 1883 and 1884. The Club throughout the century, in other words, has shown a disposition to elect the men who have already displayed their social qualifications at the table of the Literary Society.

We believe we are right in adding that while The Club, outside the ranks of literature, has shown a preference for politicians and statesmen, the Literary Society has shown a preference for law and the church. Since 1850, for example, five chancellors—Lord Cranworth, Lord Hatherley, Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, Lord Herschell—and five other judges—Lord Romilly,

Sir A. Cockburn, Lord Coleridge, Lord Bowen and Lord Davey—have been elected to The Club; but it will be observed that, with one exception, all these men were not only judges, but were also, or became, peers of Parliament. In the same period the judicial bench contributed to the Literary Society fifteen judges—Lord Romilly, Sir Lawrence Peel, Lord Justice Turner, Lord Kingsdown, Lord Chelmsford, Sir W. Erle, Lord Cairns, Lord Coleridge, Sir James Colville, Lord Selborne, Mr. Justice Denman, Sir James Stephen, Lord Bowen, Mr. Justice Wright and Lord Justice Collins. Excluding the five names common to both societies, the Literary elected ten judges, eight of whom were commoners, while The Club elected five judges, four of whom were, or became, peers.

Taking next the church: Since 1850 five clergymen—Hawtrey, Provost of Eton; Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury; Stanley, Dean of Westminster, and the present Bishops of Oxford and London—have become members of The Club. But in the same period Stanley, Dean of Westminster; Trench, Archbishop of Dublin; Alford, Dean of Canterbury; Elwin, the editor of The Quarterly; Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury; Thompson, Archbishop of York; Magee, Bishop of Peterborough; Church, Dean of St. Paul's; Liddon, Canon of St. Paul's; Dr. Bradley, the Dean of Westminster; Canon Alinger, and the present Bishop of Winchester have joined the Literary Society.

It is difficult to describe the brilliancy of the conversation which may occasionally be heard at either table. Those of our readers who are old enough to remember and who had the advantage of knowing such men as Lord Coleridge Lord Bowen, Magee, the Bishop of Peterborough, Sir James Stephen, Dean Church and Mr. Ven-

ables—we purposely refrain from including any living person—may perhaps imagine what the conversation was when these men were all gathered around the same table. The unfailing memory and copious knowledge of Lord Coleridge made him perhaps the most powerful talker among them all. But, if he and Sir James Stephen and Mr. Venables brandished the heavier weapons, Bishop Magee and Lord Bowen wielded far lighter and keener rapiers. It was at the table of one of these societies that, on the casual mention of a book entitled "The Creed of the Church of England, by a Beneficed Clergyman," Lord Bowen, with his quiet smile, exclaimed "Yes, I see—the Thirty-nine Articles, by a *bona-fide* holder for value."

The Dilettanti has a longer history than any of the societies which we have mentioned. More than one hundred and sixty years ago "some gentlemen who had travelled in Italy, desirous of encouraging at home a taste for those objects which had contributed so much to their entertainment abroad, formed themselves into a society under the name of Dilettanti." From 1736 they decided to keep regular minutes of their proceedings; and, as their first minutes, so kept, are dated "*Anno Societatis tertio*," it is presumed that the formation of the Society took place in 1733.

"The majority of the original members were young noblemen or men of wealth and position, between twenty and thirty years of age . . . brimming over with fun and animal spirits." Foremost among them, "if not the actual projector and founder of the Society," was Sir Francis Dashwood, the man who scandalized a not very fastidious generation "by his performance as high priest of the blasphemous and indecent orgies at Medmenham Abbey." Associated with him both in the Society and at

Medmenham was the fourth Earl of Sandwich. Very different in his character and reputation was Sandwich's intimate friend, the fourth Duke of Bedford. Among other well-known men who seem to have been original members of the Society were Lord Middlesex, afterwards Duke of Dorset; Sir Henry Smithson, afterwards Duke of Northumberland; the second Lord Harcourt and the first Lord Bessborough.

Probably, however, the two most important members of the Society, from its own point of view, were two brothers, James and George Gray. James, or Sir James, Gray, was British Resident at Venice from 1744 to 1753, and he was afterwards appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Naples and the Two Sicilies. "His position at Venice and Naples brought him into contact with many of the young men whose travels and tastes qualified them for membership, and the Society looked to him to supply candidates for admission." His brother George was almost equally indispensable to it. He discharged the office of its secretary for no less a period than thirty-three years.

Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Mann, says of the Dilettanti that the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk; and it must be confessed that the original meetings of the Society were characterized by a great deal of hilarity. Some traces of its hilarious habits may perhaps be gathered from some of the customs which are still followed by the Society. For example, when a ballot takes place for a new member, it is ordered that the chairman of the evening, preceded by the arch-master of the ceremonies, walk round the table, followed by all the members present, and that each, on completing the entire circuit, place his ballot ball in the box. And it is a

reasonable conjecture that this rule had its origin in a time when it was not easy for gentlemen to walk round dinner tables after dinner. Perhaps, too, this was specially the case in a society which formally ordered, in 1778, that every member who shall produce on the table a dish of tea or coffee do pay to the general fund one guinea for every such drink.

Whether, however, Horace Walpole was or was not right in thinking that drunkenness was the real qualification for membership, there can be no doubt that foreign travel and travel in Italy were held to be essential.

The original regulation was this: "No person can be proposed to be admitted of this Society but by a member who has been personally acquainted with him or her in Italy" (ladies were, therefore, apparently eligible), "and at their request." But in 1748 this rule was enlarged by a resolution "That it is the opinion of the Society that Avignon is in Italy, and that no other town in France is in Italy." This remarkable resolution, which proved the Society stronger than congresses and cartographers, remained in force till 1757, when all persons who could prove that they had been ever out of the king's dominions were declared eligible for the Society. Finally, in 1764, an amended version of the original rule was adopted, and it was resolved, "That no person can be proposed to be admitted of this Society who cannot bring sufficient proof of his having been in Italy, or upon some other classic ground out of the King's dominions, and at his own request."

We believe that this rule is still in force, but in these days of travel it has naturally lost its meaning, as it would probably be difficult to find anyone otherwise eligible who had not been upon some classic ground out of the Queen's dominions.

As soon as dinner, in the ordinary sense of the term, is finished, the business or fun of the evening commences. In accordance with the resolution passed in 1741, the president puts on "his Roman dress," which was at the same time ordered to be of scarlet, and takes his seat at the head of the table, exchanging his previous chair for a rather uncomfortable *sella curulis*, which was provided in 1739 for the use and dignity of the office. At the same time the secretary, provided with a seat at the president's left, arrays himself in the costume which is preserved in Sir F. Leighton's picture of Sir Edward Ryan; for in these degenerate days he no longer wears the dress of "Machiavelli, the celebrated Florentine secretary," which was prescribed for him in the eighteenth century. If there are any new members to introduce, the arch-master of the ceremonies is also arrayed in the dress peculiar to his order. The Society, with a discretion which seems a little unnecessary, has refrained from giving any account of the ceremonial on the introduction of new members. If rumor may be trusted, the new member, preceded by the arch-master of the ceremonies, and supported by his proposer and seconder, is led to the foot of the table, amidst profound silence, and required to make the lowest of obeisances to the chair. He is then brought up to the president, congratulated on the distinguished honor which his admission to the Society has conferred on him, and his health is drunk in bumpers by the members present.

The health of the newly elected member is only one of the toasts drunk by the Society at each of its

meetings. Besides the usual loyal toasts, the others are "Esto præclara," "Esto perpetua," "Serio ludo," "Absent members," "Viva la vertu," and "Grecian taste and Roman spirit."<sup>5</sup> These toasts are given by the president without remark. But there is a tradition that Lord Leighton, on one occasion, when the late Sir Charles Newton was present, transgressed the rule by giving "Grecian taste and Roman spirit," and adding, "I should like to combine the two, and say Sir Charles Newton."

In the course of its long career the Society has had a singular financial history. Its income was originally derived from subscriptions, face money and fines. We believe that to this day anyone venturing to speak of the Society as a club is liable to be fined. In the beginning of 1744, however, the Society passed a resolution, which is still read at each of its dinners:—

That after the 1st of March, 1744, every member who has any increase of income, either by inheritance, legacy, marriage, or preferment, do pay half of one per cent. of the first year of the additional income to the general fund; but that every member, upon payment of 10*l.*, shall be released from such obligation.

Very many men—some of great distinction in history—have contributed to the Society's funds under the terms of this resolution. But even with this assistance the Society probably would have only been able to pay its way. In the middle of the last century, however, it was induced to purchase several tickets in the various lotteries for building Westminster Bridge, and it seems—though the account in its history is far from clear—

<sup>5</sup> The last two toasts are supposed to be illustrated by Sir Joshua's famous pictures, to which we have already alluded—one of them in which three members—the Duke of Leeds, Lord Seaford and Lord Dundas—are examining gems rep-

resenting "Viva la Virtù;" the other, in which Sir W. Hamilton is comparing the engravings of a vase with the original, representing "Grecian taste and Roman spirit."

to have won several prizes in these lotteries. Its consequently increasing wealth induced it to contemplate the erection of special premises for its meetings, and a plot of ground was purchased for the purpose on the north side of Cavendish Square. The idea of building was, after many years, abandoned, but the ground acquired for the purpose was sold at a considerable profit, and the Society found itself with 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* in its pocket.

This wealth enabled the Society to embark on a course which forms its chief claim to recognition from the general public. It devoted its means to exploring, measuring, recovering and illustrating the great works of ancient art, and its members liberally added their own contributions to the general fund for the purpose. There can be no doubt that the Society in this way performed a very great service to the cause of art. We are not going to dwell upon this service here, since we discussed it fully forty years ago in an article to which we have already referred. So remarkable, however, was it, that a German author, Professor Kruse, in writing on the antiquities of Greece, divides the information which the world has gained upon the subject into five periods: the first, that in which Greece tells her own story through her poets, historians and geographers; the second, that of the Roman dominion; the third, that of the Byzantine Empire; the fourth, extending from the fall of Constantinople to the foundation of the Society of Dilettanti; and the fifth, from this period to the present time. He adds:—

With the foundation of the Society of Dilettanti begins a new period of the discovery of Greece, in which the greatest geographical and topographical accuracy was combined with the most accurate measurements of the ancient buildings. All the celebrated

Englishmen to whom we are strictly indebted for the more intimate knowledge of Greece were members of this society, and some were completely fitted out for their travels by the Society itself.

Into this, the most important result of the Society's existence, we cannot, however, enter in the present article. We have endeavored here to discharge a much humbler purpose, by describing a phase of London life and London society which is perhaps too little known. In doing so, we have endeavored shortly to trace the history and constitution of five societies which are eminent for the names of those who have belonged to them in the past, and for the abilities and social charms of their present members. We suppose that such institutions could hardly flourish in any country but our own; and that, with the single exception of the Academy of France, no institution in any other country contains so much that is excellent in science, in art, in literature, and in affairs. At their table the Radical and the Conservative, the churchman and the sceptic, the philosopher and the novelist, the painter and the architect, meet on common ground. And all men, whatever their opinions, become welcome members if they can contribute culture and wit to the conversation at the table.

The records of The Club and the Literary Society only preserve the names of the members present at their gatherings. The Dilettanti and Grillon's occasionally record more extended notice of their proceedings and conclusions. Grillon's, for instance, on one occasion formally censured its secretary, Sir Robert Inglis, for allowing his duties in the House of Commons to interfere with his attendance at its dinners. A committee of the Dilettanti in 1747 arrived at two resolutions: (1) That it is the

opinion of this committee that Mr. Brand<sup>e</sup> will be damned. (2) That it is the opinion of this committee that all public pious charities are private impious abuses. But none of the societies have ever attempted the impossible task of preserving even samples of the conversation which may be heard at their tables. We shall not attempt a task which they have wisely avoided; for the best conversation, from its very nature, dies in the hour of its birth, and is incapable of reproduction. The talker passes from subject to subject, as the bee flits from flower to flower, without leaving any visible trace of its progress. Yet the talker, like the bee, is fulfilling a useful purpose. With the pollen which he extracts from one mind he fertilizes another, while he enriches his own stores with the sweets which he extracts from others.

If, however, these societies have wisely refrained from attempting to reproduce the conversation at their tables, two of them—The Club and Grillion's—have recorded the few occasions on which either no members were present or only one member dined alone. Lord Liverpool, in the closing months of his prime ministership, dined alone at The Club in December, 1825, and cheered his solitude with a bottle of Madeira. In March, 1864, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe found himself alone in his glory at Grillion's. On that occasion Lord Stratford entered in the dinner-book the speech which he supposed himself

to have addressed to Mr. Grillion and the waiters, and in which he asked them "to drain the uncorked bottles in drinking prosperity to the Club, which owes its celebrity in equal proportions to the merit of its members and the name of Grillion." At the dinner in the following week, when the Bishop of Oxford was in the chair, Lord Clarendon proposed that the Club should acknowledge the noble maintenance of its character in all its relations as recorded in the words of its late noble chairman, and appoint Lord Houghton, as the poet-laureate of the Club, to write an appropriate ode thereon. Lord Houghton executed his task in the following manner:—

Alas, my Bishop! you in vain invoke  
A muse whose joints are stiff with  
gout and time  
To gambol with you in prelatie joke,  
Or raise, to Stratford's height, the  
serious rhyme.

Rather might you, in your embroid-  
ered prose,  
Draw some fine moral from his won-  
drous fate—  
How on the worthless fall the heaviest  
blows!  
How never lonely are the really  
great!

I will but ask that, if this book re-  
cords  
Ever again a solitary feast,  
Be he who dines and he who notes  
his words  
As brave a statesman and as bright  
a priest.

<sup>e</sup> Mr Brand joined the Society in 1741-2. His portrait, by Knappton, hangs on its walls. The resolution of the Committee probably marks his

popularity. Societies like the Dilettanti damn those whom they love most.

## THE TSAR'S APPEAL FOR PEACE.

No one has thrown any doubt upon the sincerity of the Tsar's personal wish for peace. All who have been in close contact with him are convinced that he is, and has long been, impressed with the responsibilities of his own position. A much less earnest and conscientious man might well shrink from giving the signal which would bring upon the human race such calamities as must follow the firing of the first shot between any of the Great Powers under the present conditions of European armament. Any one in his position could not but feel that the most horrible of nightmares was removed from weighing on him if an agreement could be reached which would postpone indefinitely the danger of his ever having to give such a signal. If the Tsar, in fact, held Russia in the hollow of his hand; if the theory of autocracy and its practice were in complete accord; if not only to-day and to-morrow, but ten years hence, the foreign policy of Russia would be certainly regulated by the present feelings of the Tsar, there would be at least strong reason to hope that the intervening ten years of peace would not be merely used as a time of preparation for more effective warlike action.

Unfortunately, the whole history, and more especially the recent history, of Russia shows that the benevolent feelings of a tsar and the practical action of Russia have small relation to one another. Between the personal governor-general of India—the actual Lord Mayo, Lord Dufferin, or Lord Elgin—and the “governor-general in council,” there is a sufficiently wide distinction. Between the man Alexander or Nicholas and the ruling tsar there is a far wider one. Prince Bis-

marck had obtained from Alexander “the Emancipator” a personal pledge in 1876-77 that there should be no Russo-Turkish war. Knowing the high character of the man, he accepted the promise as one of honor, and based all his policy at the time upon it. When the war actually broke out his belief in the honor and integrity of Alexander was not shaken, but he resolved never again to trust the word of a tsar as a basis for practical action. After all, the power to determine action possessed by any man, whatever his nominal authority may be, is strictly limited by his own powers of work and by the degree to which the organization he directs so moves under his inspiration as to make his will operative. Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, continually failed to secure obedience in matters on which his whole soul was set. Yet Napoleon had probably a greater capacity for effective work, and a more elaborately developed organization for insuring conformity to his will than any ruler has ever had. The affairs of an empire so vast, so heterogeneous, so ill-developed as Russia, cannot by any means whatever be placed within the grasp of one man. He must be dependent on others for determining what questions shall be brought before him for decision, for the colors under which they are presented to him, and for the practical execution of his wishes, even when he has obtained sufficient information to be able to give these definite expression.

We have had, in the case of the relations of Bismarck to the German Empire, a sufficiently ample illustration of the conditions which usually subsist where autocratic sovereigns have

to act through headstrong and able statesmen. The object-lesson which has in that instance been given to the world is not less applicable to the circumstances of that great empire, all the inner details of which, as to the working of its statesmen, its personal intrigues, and the motive powers which ultimately determine action, we know so little. Where Bismarck was imposed upon by a false assumption as to the degree in which he could depend on the personal power of a tsar, it becomes statesmen of other countries, with incomparably fewer facilities for looking beneath the veil which shrouds the secrets of Russian diplomacy, to step warily.

It is tolerably safe to assume that the broad facts of the present situation as they certainly exist, and as they affect Russia as a state, have an operative force on the minds of Russian statesmen, and through them on the Tsar, far more potent than any personal feelings or sentiments of his own. The guiding statesmen are naturally anxious to bend as far as possible before any well-known sentiments or wishes of the autocratic ruler, but they bend, not because they intend that he shall carry out his own objects, but because yielding to forms of words is likely best to enable them to accomplish what they have at heart. They stoop to conquer. Now, supposing, as we in fact know to be the case, that there were a group of statesmen round the Russian throne whose minds are set upon the cautious and steady expansion of Russian territory, and, above all, on finding openings to the sea which should give to the vast area of Russia the advantages in dealing with the world outside which come only by the sea, what would be their policy at the present time? Supposing that those statesmen looked forward, as in fact we know that they do, to at least having

it within their power to bring pressure of the most extreme kind to bear upon Afghanistan and India, upon having it within their power to bring similar pressure to bear on China and to securing an outlet into an unfrozen sea to the north, what would be their policy? A very little consideration of the actual circumstances will show that the most effective increase of Russian military power in all these directions can be best secured by at least ten years of peace. Furthermore, it will be easy to establish the fact that in all these three directions Russian activity has been engaged, and that it will be continued with much more advantage during ten years of peace than it would be if under present circumstances Russia were called to give an account of her procedure.

So far as Afghanistan and India are concerned, the point where even now Russia can act with the greatest advantage as compared with ourselves is Herat. She could certainly now lay siege to Herat before we could meet her there. It would depend very much upon circumstances whether she could take it before we could move to its relief. She has, however, from the nature of the Afghan frontier as delimited at Penjdeh and elsewhere, a considerable distance to pass, over which she cannot make a railway. It would be much safer for her to obtain a frontier nearer to Herat, one that should give her access from the west to the valley of the Heri-Rud, and so enable her to act simultaneously from the north-west and south, if not from the south-east, upon Herat. Towards this object Russian officers have long bent their attention. Russia, since Valentine Baker wrote his "Clouds in the East," and showed how, from the then northern frontier of Persia, the advance of Russia towards India could best be stayed, has absorbed the

whole of that northern frontier. Of late years she has been pushing investigations along the whole line of the eastern frontier of Persia, where it borders upon Afghanistan and Beluchistan, with a view to the construction of a railway, thence southwards towards the Persian Gulf. What more legitimate employment of ten years of peaceful progress could there be than that Russia, using that complete supremacy which she has acquired at the court of Teheran, should obtain concessions for a railway which would give an opening to the Persian Gulf for the produce of her Central Asian possessions? In a region so wild and untamed, what could be more natural than that she should insist, as she did in Manchuria, that the railway she proposes to make should be guarded by Russian troops? If, in the course of the survey, it be found that a deflection eastward through Seistan towards the Heri-Rud Valley would be convenient, why should any one entertain objections to such a course? At all events, these are the projects which are now fairly afoot and in a fair way to be carried out. Their result must necessarily be to place Western Afghanistan, Herat, the Heri-Rud, and the most convenient approach to India completely at the mercy of Russia. Under ordinary circumstances Great Britain and the Indian Government might fairly have a word to say to a change which would completely alter the relationship of Afghanistan and India to the advance of Russia. It is obvious that, just as Manchuria is completely surrendered to the domination of Russia when it is traversed by a railway guarded by Russian troops, so Eastern Persia becomes, under similar circumstances, a Russian province and a secure base for further advance. How desirable, therefore, would it be, from the point of view of Russian ag-

gressive statesmanship, that a period of at least ten years should be agreed upon during which there should be no danger of a clash of arms, while each country should devote itself to works of peaceful development? By the end of that time Eastern Persia will have been absorbed, the railway to the coast will have been completed, and the great obstacle to the invasion of Afghanistan and India, the mountain barrier of the Hindu Koosh will have been effectually turned.

Passing now to the far East, the works to which, from the point of view of the aggressive statesmanship of Russia, it is desirable to devote attention, are of a purely peaceful kind. The occupation of Port Arthur, as was shown in some recent articles in this magazine, was, as a military achievement, based solely on audacious bluff. Every man to form the garrison, every gun to arm the fortress, all the engineering machinery for restoring the fortifications dismantled by the Japanese were transported there by sea past the broadsides of our ships. Neither Manchuria, Talienwan, nor Port Arthur is, in a military sense, yet in the effective possession of Russia. They will not be so until the Siberian railway, the Manchurian railway, and the Liaotung railway have been completed and adequately protected, until the Manchurian levies have been armed, drilled and organized under Russian officers, and till vast accumulations of military stores have been pushed along the enormous line of very slowly working railway, which will then connect the heart of Russia with her far eastward territory. Ten years is a moderate estimate of the time that will be required for the accomplishment of these stupendous undertakings. How necessary, therefore, for those who look forward to them as a means for future aggression against China, is it to secure ten

years undisturbed by any threat of war!

Looking now to the third great object of Russian expansion: There is on the borders of Russia and Norway a fiord—the Varanger—which, washed by the sweep of the Gulf Stream round that northern corner of Norway where it cuts off Sweden from the North Sea, is at almost all seasons free from ice. Among the questions which of late years have kept Norway and Sweden at issue have been imputations thrown out against some of the Norwegian leaders that, for the sake of Russian assistance in their internal politics, and under the influence of Russian gold, they were willing to hand over to Russia possession of this fiord. For many reasons the time for bringing any such question to an issue has not been ripe. Germany has watched with a very jealous eye all attempts to disturb the Scandinavian settlement which was made in 1815. The Russian railway towards the north-western coast has not been constructed, though perhaps it has been partially surveyed. Embarked as she has been in the vast enterprise of the eastward railways, it would have been impossible for Russia to obtain funds for any such undertaking. Here, therefore, also, if she is ever to secure to the north an outlet through an ice-free harbor, many years of peace are essential for her. Whether the fact that the restless activities of patriotic Russians are left to act, undisturbed by any danger of provoking external war, will tend to the internal tranquillity of King Oscar's dominions may be an open question. That Russian agents have been freely circulating for many years past among the hardy and patriotic, but very simple peasantry of Norway, is a conviction firmly entertained by Scandinavian statesmen. Apart from all these definite points, there can be no doubt

that every year of peace tends to consolidate the hold of Russia upon her Central Asian provinces and to prepare her for a future advance.

There is, however, yet another consideration which looms large before the minds of all those who are looking forward with anxious thought towards the early years of the next century in Europe. It is hardly too much to say that, whatever arrangements conferences or congresses may make, the peace of Europe just now depends upon the life of one sorely-stricken man. No decrees of any conference or concert will reconcile the Germans of Austria to what is known as the Ausgleich Law. Since it has once been promulgated no compromise will be accepted by the Czechs which does not confer upon their language all the privileges granted by it. It is altogether beside the question whether the contentions of the Germans are reasonable or not. The point is, that the severance between the nationalities is so sharp that the heterogeneous monarchy is now held together only by their attachment to the reigning sovereign and by the strong, tactful hand of the statesman emperor, forced against his will to supersede the Constitution in the interest of his subjects. So far as human eye can penetrate into the future, it is almost impossible that when the present emperor, now sixty-eight years of age, and beaten by more cruel storms than have often attended the life of man, dies, there should be found a successor who will be able to hold together the dominions of the House of Hapsburg. The Germans of Austria are already, in that event, looking to be united with the German empire. Between the properly German provinces of Austria and the northern states of Germany lies Bohemia, with its mixed population of Czechs and Germans. The immense

popularity which the Emperor William has recently acquired in Hungary rather seems to suggest that the Magyars, in their hatred of Russia, would not be unwilling to connect themselves with Germany by some such link as that which now binds them to Austria. Supposing, as seems probable, that internecine discord broke out in Austria on the death of the present emperor, would it be possible for the German Kaiser, if he wished it never so much, to refuse the appeal of millions of Germans that they should be allowed to connect themselves with the fatherland? Is it conceivable that Russia and France, whatever arrangements may now be made, would stand quietly aside whilst these negotiations were going on? If, in favoring the Germans, the German language were everywhere replaced in the law courts and schools, would the Czechs and other nationalities be content without appeal to their great Slavonic neighbor? The rapid approach of this threatening crisis in Europe, and the certainty that no Power will be content to watch it unarmed, seems to make the proposals of the Tsar, so far as they speak of permanent peace and permanent disarmament, ring with a very hollow sound. Apart altogether from the eternal question of Elsass-Lothringen, or Alsace-Lorraine, the suggestion seems only to amount to a proposal to set the sails as for fair weather and a favoring breeze at the very moment when all the signs of the time forecast a terrific storm. They can only suggest a truce during the lifetime of the great Hapsburg. Of the deluge that will then follow his death the wisest statesman in Europe can guess little. It is true that the Austrian empire has often been threatened with dissolution before. "Me, and after me the deluge," was the favorite saying of Metternich; but the

passions that have been aroused between different races, the irreconcilable points of difference, seem at least to portend a crisis far more serious than any with which Metternich had to deal. Moreover, the attractive influence of the powerful German Empire is a new element in the question, as well as the embittered jealousy between Germany on the one hand and Russia and France on the other.

The more, therefore the Russian Emperor's proposals are considered, the more evident it will appear that his genuine and high-minded desire for the good of the world has been taken advantage of by the astute statesmen by whom he is watched in order to further ends which make for the advantage of Russia by war and for war. From that point of view they are an admirable stroke of Russian diplomacy, not only because in all the three cases I have named they tend to the development in the most effective way of the military resources and military power of Russia, but because the things which her statesmen had to fear as tending to check their aggressive designs were—(1) the aroused interest of Englishmen in foreign politics, their recovered consciousness of the strength of Britain, and the collapse of the peace-at-any price party; (2) the obvious drawing together of Britain, the United States, Germany and Japan, and the at least temporary effacement of France under the confusion produced by the Dreyfus scandal.

To revivify in England the old Manchester peace party; to shake the confidence of Germany and other Powers in any possibility of firm alliance with Britain; to demonstrate to the world that it is at any time easy to tickle the ears of Englishmen by well-selected phrases; and that in the long run, not far-seeing statesmen, but phrasemongers, determine the policy

of Britain—these were objects thoroughly in accord with the traditional diplomacy of Russian statesmen of the type of Ignatieff. To take advantage of the sincerity of mind, and therefore of that winning simplicity of phrase natural to a young ruler, so difficult for a wily statesman to imitate, was a cynicism thoroughly in keeping with all we have known of the men from generation to generation. To take out the taste of those definite breaches of faith which have in the minds of our own statesmen revived the memory of our secular experience of the relation of Russian words to Russian deeds, what prescription could be better than to let loose the honest pen of the young autocrat himself? How easily, when the time is ripe, can the same experiment be repeated which was success-

ful in the case of the Turkish war! To play the word of Alexander the Emancipator against the skill of Bismarck, and when full advantage had been taken of the effect of the promise, to bring on the war, nevertheless—this was by no means a more easy task than it would be now to use the high-souled thoughts and earnest intentions of the Tsar as a soporific for Britain, and while she once more sleeps again, to carry on the work in Persia, in China, in Finland and Norway. "To talk Jingo and act Manchester" was said to be Lord Randolph Churchill's receipt for winning the suffrages of Englishmen. To let the Tsar talk peace and meantime to prepare the means of future war is, from their point of view, the more patriotic, if even more unscrupulous, policy of Russian statesmen.

The Contemporary Review.

*A Soldier.*

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### A BIRD FROM THE WEST.

We lingered over Ulster stern and wild.

I called: "Arise! doth none remember me?"

One turned in the darkness murmuring,

"How loud upon the breakers sobs the sea!"

We rested over Connaught—whispering said:

"Awake, awake, and welcome! I am here."

One woke and shivered at the morning grey:

"The trees, I never heard them sigh so drear."

We flew low over Munster. Long I wept:

"You used to love me, love me once again!"

They spoke from out the shadows wondering:

"You'd think of tears, so bitter falls the rain."

Long over Leinster lingered we. "Good-by!

My best beloved, good-by for evermore."

Sleepless they tossed and whispered to the dawn:

"So sad a wind was never heard before."

*Dora Sigerson Shorter.*

## CONSTANCE.\*

BY TH. BENTZON (*Mme. Blanc*)

Translated for The Living Age by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

## CHAPTER IX.

Everybody knows what winter is in the country, the silence, the feeling of isolation it engenders, and how it draws together near neighbors, prisoners in a little circle. The bad state of the roads, deep in mud by reason of the great rainfalls in that part of the country, made intercourse very infrequent even with Nérac.

The doctor did not mind this. He worked on, wholly indifferent to things out of doors. All his life—except when a peasant sent for him, and then, though he never hesitated, night or day, to obey the call, he went off grumbling at the interruption—all his life was centred in his study, which Constance seldom quitted, her whole mind being concentrated on one sole event which happened almost daily, a visit from M. de Glynne.

She made ready for this beforehand; she tried to plan out the conversations, she imagined where she could put in a word; she passed an hour daily at her glass, fixing her hair; there were little touches of coquetry in her toilette and yet, when the expected guest arrived, all presence of mind forsook her, she found nothing, or almost nothing, to say, and a horrible fear seemed to paralyze her thoughts—suppose he were to mistake her little timid preparations for advances? If so, she would die of shame. But no, it was hardly likely he would notice them.

Yet M. de Glynne seemed always most happy in that easy chair, which even Catinou now called "our neighbor's seat." It stood beside the great

hearth on which crackled and sparkled enormous pine logs. Constance delighted in his way of saying, as he came in, "How nice it is here! I never knew such fires as yours!"

One might say, in a metaphor, that he had been out in the cold, in horrible, cruel cold, and that he was now warming himself into comfort and happiness, body and soul.

"I should like to pass all my life," he would say, "in this easy chair. Indeed, that is more or less what I do, don't you think so? When you find me here too often, just let me know, and I will set off for Paris."

Several times he spoke of this, an announcement that was terrible to Constance; but the doctor at last said, in his rough, friendly way:—

"A truce to your ceremony! Use my house as if it were your own—and say no more about it!" On these conditions M. de Glynne seemed quite content to remain a resident at the Park, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season. After all, it was an open winter, and the climate of L'Albret had no reason to envy that of other places, for, unless it coveted a bluer sky and drier roads, it was at least as well-off as that of Provence or Italy.

To M. de Glynne the winter passed like a dream, one of those dreams in which we vaguely feel that all that makes us happy and enfolds us in blissful ease is unreal and cannot last. Just so we refrain from any least movement that may destroy the illusion, and we hug our pillows closer, holding our breath, and avoiding everything that might bring us to a cruel awakening! This was the state

of M. de Glynne. He looked forward to these visits at the Priory with a juvenile impatience which he laughed at in himself. It seemed as if slender threads, which yet were strong, drew him to the doctor's fireside in spite of himself.

When he came, he heard the doctor's welcome given in a clear, low voice; he saw the face of the young daughter, that eloquent face in which he read what her lips dared not say to him. He saw a flame dart from her dark eyes under the fringe of their long lashes, and rest upon the cheek that suddenly grew crimson. In those eyes he seemed to plunge into an abyss of purity and freshness, where all the fruits of a bad and sad experience vanished, and gave place to the most exquisite illusions of youth. Those great velvety eyes acted upon him like lodestones; even when away from her he felt their influence.

"What will they say to me to-day?" he would wonder. And, with feverish impatience for the answer to this question, he would hasten his steps or hurry his horse on the road to the Priory. He would reach it out of breath, as if he had been running.

It was the same thing every evening. A backlog was thrown upon the hearth, pine cones crackled gayly, blue and red sparks danced up the chimney; the doctor gave a turn of his student lamp, which seemed to burn brighter for the guest's presence, and Catinou would bring in the tea, wondering always how Christians who were not sick could drink tisane; but Constance had established this custom because she had seen tea served on her visit to the Park, and she was not sorry to adopt anything that seemed to her a fashionable elegance, and which drew her nearer, even in this trivial way, to that unknown sphere in which M. de Glynne moved. And besides, what pleasure she had in

pouring out his tea! She did it with quiet grace, charming to a man long accustomed to the artifices which in a great measure compose the charm of women in society.

Dr. Vidal, who was somewhat of Catinou's opinion concerning tea, one day made the astounding remark that he did not see "why people should want to bring tea from China when they could get plenty of sage at home!" Nevertheless, by dint of pouring Armagnac brandy into his tea he transformed his cup of the British beverage into a kind of grog, after which the conversation which had been broken off the previous evening was vigorously resumed, while Constance, busy with her needle, took small part in the talk, but never lost a word.

Usually the two men confined themselves to science, philosophy, history, or the most lofty subjects, inquiring into each other's progress in their respective pursuits and discussing it. As Constance listened to their talk, she understood better the difference between the vague, anxious, suffering doubts, which made up the scepticism of M. de Glynne, and the firm, untroubled attitude of denial which, in her father, had always disheartened her. She thought, "But to that man, perhaps, faith will come to make him happy."

Had he not once said in her presence: "When one begins to doubt himself, one is near to believing everything. One comes back to the simple faith of a child. I shall be there before long." But the doctor had answered this remark with contemptuous jocularly: "If you are going to fall into the balderdash of sentiment and paradox, we may as well give up talking sense."

Ah! how gladly would Constance have spoken in favor of the divine truths that seemed "balderdash" to her father! But, with a gesture that

thanked God, she clasped her hands. Perhaps he had seen that little movement; perhaps he had understood that he had given her one of the happiest moments of her life.

At other times the doctor got his visitor to talk of Paris—not of that frivolous Paris into which Henriette Durantou would have given all the world to enter, were it for no more than a wedding journey with young Capdevielle, but Paris, intellectual and artistic, in which M. de Glynne rightfully belonged, and which he painted in delightful colors. And while the talk ran upon general subjects, here and there were personal allusions. Of himself, in his early life, he seemed to speak without mystery, not exactly relating things about himself, but allowing to be seen, as the talk flowed on, incidents and impressions out of which Constance constructed a sort of mental mosaic; there were indeed many empty spaces in it, but she contrived nevertheless to make for herself a pretty correct idea of her hero in his youth. He had had no family ties; he could hardly recollect his father; his mother had died when he came into the world. He might have resided on the estates he had inherited from his parents in Artois, if painful recollections had not been associated with his Chateau de Pommereul, where, indeed, had he chosen to live there, he must have led a dreary life, the best blessing of which would be an agreeable liberty that is the fruit of a species of incognito.

Of course, it is a pleasant thing to live and grow old in the spot where one is born and where one passes one's childhood. But he could not appreciate this feeling, having been early sent to school in Paris. His guardian, the Marquis de Voroux, a distant relative, had sent him to school when only a little boy, taking him away each Sunday in order to conscientiously

stuff him with all the pleasures in reach for one day at least. In consequence of this, M. de Voroux claimed credit for having brought him up. In the holidays he took the boy to his country house, a very sumptuous establishment, where persons of the highest rank took their recreation from the beginning of autumn to its close. Life was a succession of invitations, coursing, hare and hounds, private theatricals, all the excitement that wealth, frivolity and idleness combined can collect on such occasions.

The schoolboy, escaping from the dark walls of the *collège* Louis-le-Grand, breathed this exceptionally worldly atmosphere even before his beard grew. When he went back to his prison he recalled, as if they had been scenes from fairyland, all that had charmed his eyes for two months. Little of it all, however, had touched his heart, except occasionally, perhaps, the condescending notice of pretty women, who treated him like a little page, a sort of cherub. All this was very superficial, but enough to make him detest the strict discipline of school, the "rule of the galleys," as he called it when he contrasted it with the demoralizing freedom of his holidays.

On the other hand, at his guardian's house, in the midst of fairyland, where he was an actor, or rather a superfluity, it came to him to feel, young as he was, the emptiness of such a life, concealed though it was under magnificent outward trappings. He grew heartsick at the stupid prejudices, the worn-out ideas, the pompous ignorance, the gilded folly of many of the young men of fashion whom he saw around him. Nowhere could he find satisfaction, nowhere was he really happy, except in the great library which was indisputably the least frequented room of the chateau, where

were left to mildew (for no one ever opened them) books of all ages, some of them rare and valuable. There he had found, in sufficiently bad company, books which were to be ever after his best friends. In that library he had made his first excursions into the world of thought, and acquired tastes which had helped in after years to save his life from shipwreck.

But where and what had that peril of shipwreck been? In vain Constance hoped that he might speak of it. One day, when alluding to the trifles which decide the vocation of a young man, he accounted for his entrance into the military training school of Saint-Cyr by a restless desire for active life, an instinct of obedience to traditions of his family, as well as a sense that his own foolish prejudices prevented his entering other paths in life which he should have adopted in preference.

Constance listened, but she did not comprehend. She had been born and bred in a part of France where the nobility is poor and not very numerous, and where distinctions of caste are hardly understood. Besides, M. de Glynne passed over the subject with a sort of disdainful irony, regretting the years he had spent in the army, which would have been better employed in the studies he loved.

For a brief time, he said, he had rejoiced to be a soldier by profession, and if he had not been already in the army he should have volunteered. That was in 1870. But what a morrow had succeeded the excitement of departure for the seat of war and the first skirmishes on the frontier! His captivity had been spent at a little town in the north of Germany, where, after some attempts to escape had been made, measures of unusual rigor were adopted toward the prisoners, and the roll was called every day, and even twice a day. Ah, but it was a

dreadful time! It must have been too bad to talk about, for after having made a brief allusion to it, M. de Glynne sat for a long time silent, recalling memories that altered his face as if he had been suffering physical pain.

The understanding was complete between them this evening without the exchange of a single word. Desdemona loved Othello for the dangers he had passed through; it was the same exchange of deep pity on the one part, and of passionate gratitude on the other, the eternal magic of a tear. When and why he had left the army, M. de Glynne never mentioned, and no more did he drop any hint that any woman had played a part in his history.

Constance was all the time thinking of the lady with the golden hair. Was it before he knew her that he had made long journeys into Egypt, Algeria and Persia, journeys which the doctor was always eager to hear about, for he himself had seen something of foreign lands, though in a methodical fashion, so to speak, with an end in view, while M. de Glynne had apparently rushed over the globe as if pursued by some spectre of grief or of remorse, and had seen very little. Was his spectre that of an unhappy love—love for that blonde woman whom Constance had once seen?

This dangerous neighbor could not have done more if he had deliberately set himself to stir the depths of a young girl's heart. His half-confidence completed the interest she had felt in him ever since his sudden and mysterious arrival, which had been succeeded by a tragic event still more mysterious. Was he conscious of the harm that he was doing? Not at the time, but he recognized it later with painful clearness, and yet without having the courage to refrain from his

visits; in his heart he often felt that he was acting dishonestly, that day by day, under the very eyes of a good man who received him without distrust, he was stealing more and more of the heart of his daughter.

Remorse accompanied him as he walked homeward alone along the road to the Park. And yet with what had he to reproach himself? His visits had been authorized by her father, and he had never said one word to Constance that could trouble her repose. Would it not be mere vanity to suppose seriously that such a thing could be possible? A man thirty-six years of age, storm-beaten in his struggle with life, how could he still please—please the fancy of so young a girl. Nonsense!

"You are done for, you poor devil!" he said fiercely to himself. "All that is over."

To prove this fact, as soon as he got home he studied himself before a glass and made a critical examination of his face and figure. Then he laughed aloud:—

"A lover—you—at your age, and years older than your age, besides!"

But the mirror answered that during the last few weeks he had grown ten years younger, and he assured himself that he was still ridiculously youthful by taking from his pocket-book a little bunch of faded wild flowers and pressing them to his lips.

At that very moment Constance, before she said her evening prayers, was perhaps thinking of those same wild flowers dropped from her girdle one summer day, and asking herself, "Can he have picked them up?—kept them? How has he treated them? Does he carry them about with him?"

And such childishness (though she was not yet sure that he had ever possessed the flowers) seemed to her fresh and delightful on the part of a man whose life had been probably so busy,

so adventurous, so agitated. Over this strange life, or rather over the little of it that she knew anything about, the thoughts of Constance lingered till she grew almost giddy at times, as if she stood before the verge of an abyss.

"I will not go there to-morrow," Raoul de Glynne decided, as he dropped asleep.

And the next day found him on the road to the Priory. Far from amending his ways, he ended by thinking more of Constance than he had ever done before. He was haunted by curiosity to explore the workings of that virgin soul; he tried to find out its innocent secrets. To do this he had recourse to an ally, reading aloud; and he read beautifully. He no longer came alone to the Priory, but escorted by companions who spoke eloquently for him; he brought books that Stannie had never read, though she had read much, but hitherto all of one class,—austere books such as her mother had loved and marked, most of them of the seventeenth century.

M. de Glynne made her acquainted with the great writers whom he called his friends, choosing with much discretion those she ought to know and love, from the best pages of Chateaubriand and the marvellous reproductions of the past penned by the hand of Michelet to stories of country life by George Sand, and from "L'Espoir en Dieu," the "Ode à la Malibran," and "La Nuit de Mal" to "La Légende des Siècles."

The doctor, who considered such literature an agreeable rest, listened with one ear, all the while tracing out with his glasses the labels for his collections, but the needlework fell from the hands of Constance, and her habitual reserve melted away, as the tempter had dared to hope it might do, under the spell of enthusiasm. Never realizing that she was talking of herself, she freely gave way to her emo-

tions and revealed her preferences; she offered this or that opinion with energy, disclosing far more culture and discernment than Raoul de Glynné had ever suspected she possessed; but above all she showed amazing depths of mystical enthusiasm and a passionate asceticism.

Shakespeare alarmed her by his too vigorous vitality, notwithstanding a sort of sisterly tenderness that she felt for Imogen and Juliet. She was repelled by his sharp irony, by the masculine and philosophical indulgence he showed toward earthly passions, and by his disdain for the feebleness of professed repentance. On the other hand, the "Vita Nuova" moved her to tears, as the most beautiful of romances; and Dante captivated her once for all in his "Paradiso"; the lines in which he tells how Beatrice gazed up

to Heaven and he mounted thither, gazing into her eyes, expressed the very idea that she herself had formed of love, a divine means of influence, generous and ennobling, by which two might together mount buoyantly upward toward *the best*, sustained one by the other, closely united.

She felt that he who was reading her such things in his clear voice was "gazing at her," and she resolved that he should see in her only what might draw him upward. It was thus that the great poets served as intermediaries between these two, making for them those first avowals of love which one of them in hours of self-reproach assured himself that he had carefully refrained from expressing, while the other fully understood his feelings and laid up that knowledge in the very depths of her heart.

(To be continued.)

#### STONEWALL JACKSON.\*

A worthy book on the American Civil War must always be interesting to Anglo-Saxon readers, and doubly so at a moment when the sons of those who fought in that great struggle have just emerged triumphant from a conflict with an alien race. Colonel Henderson's book is *felix opportunitate ortus*, and the admirable way in which he has done his work has enabled him to take the fullest advantage of that opportunity. With the exception of Lee, that master of strategy, Stonewall Jackson was incomparably the greatest leader produced by the Civil War, and his biographer has a theme which is specially congenial to any one who is acquainted with the higher

aspects of the art of war. Besides, he was more than a little eccentric, and the record of his eccentricities charms the reader as much as his strategy at Bull Run surprised and confounded his opponents. Of course he was a fatalist—every great leader is—and he was a man of deep religious convictions. But it is not a little strange to find this Terror of the Federal generals doubting whether he ought to fight upon a Sunday, and making the subject of his first letter to Lexington, after a hard-won victory, the finances of the local Sunday-school.

We do not like to find fault with the vivid presentment of a most interesting character which our author gives us, but we could wish that his enthusiasm for his subject had not made him

\* "Stonewall Jackson." By Lieut.-Col. - G. F. R. Henderson. Longmans, Green & Co.

quite so free with his comparisons of Jackson and Napoleon. General Jackson was in every way a much better man than Napoleon Bonaparte, but to place the kindly Presbyterian of Lexington on any sort of equality with that Incarnate Energy which shattered Powers and Principalities as by the lightnings of an angry God, is incongruous. It is as though a man should compare Primrose Hill with the Matterhorn. At no time did Jackson direct the strategy of the Confederate armies, though his advice undoubtedly carried great weight with his superiors, and it is impossible to say whether he could have handled great masses of men with the same skill as he showed in dealing with the relatively small forces which were committed to his leadership. It is quite possible that, had he lived, he might eventually have been intrusted by Mr. Davis with the supreme command, and that in such a position he might have displayed the highest qualities of a military leader. But the opportunity was denied him, and we can only judge him by what he did do, not by what he might have done. Even his biographers must not set Stonewall Jackson on the same level with Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon the Great. As we have indulged in one grumble—though, to say truth, it is not a very loud one—we will even add one more before we deal with the merits of this excellent work. Split infinitives, “reliables,” and other abominations occur here and there throughout its pages, but even the literary leader will, we fancy, be prepared to pardon these sins in return for the information and amusement with which Colonel Henderson provides him at every turn.

The story of Stonewall Jackson is necessarily to a very large extent a history of the American Civil War, and if any one desires to understand

the causes of that terrible conflict and its course, from the secession of South Carolina to the battle of Chancellorsville, we know no authority better suited to the purpose than this work. A hazy idea exists in the minds of a great many people that the North, hounded on by that exceedingly wicked book, “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” went to war with the South in order to abolish negro slavery in the United States. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. The war arose out of the assertion of the Southern States of the right of sovereignty inherent in each State within the Union, and its corollary—the right of any State to withdraw from the Union if it pleased. Slavery was a side issue at first, and only became the dominating influence in the struggle after President Lincoln’s famous decree. Colonel Henderson puts the case of the South on this latter point very fairly and succinctly when he says:—

The states which composed the Union were semi-independent communities, with their own legislatures, their own magistrates, their own militia, and the power of the purse. How far their sovereign rights extended was a matter of contention; but, under the terms of the Constitution, slavery was a domestic institution, which each individual state was at liberty to retain or discard at will, and over which the Federal Government had no control whatever. Congress would have been no more justified in declaring that the slaves in Virginia were free men than in demanding that Russian conspirators should be tried by jury.

Only to a small extent does our author attempt to deal with the vast and complicated problems presented by the existence of negro slavery in a portion of the United States. The reflections on the subject which he permits himself are, however, commendably free alike from the hysteria of the aboli-

tionist and the desperate conservatism of the slave-holder. But perhaps we shall not be wrong if we hazard a guess that he does not regard the hasty enfranchisement of an immense number of persons who had no conception of the value or the responsibilities of freedom as an altogether statesmanlike measure. It seems strange to us now—but we cannot get away from the fact—that the majority of the best educated and the most philanthropic men in the Southern States conscientiously held that slavery was a divine institution, with which it was impious to interfere.

Among these stood Stonewall Jackson, and it must not be forgotten that he was a man of singular kindness of heart and unswerving rectitude of purpose. At no time did he regard himself as a rebel in opposing the Federal Government. "According to his political creed his country was his native State," and though, before civil war became inevitable, he urged that "it was better for the South to fight for her rights within the Union than out of it," yet when it came he was troubled with no shadow of doubt as to the justice of the Southern cause. Not, be it remembered, that he was, like so many of his neighbors, ignorant of what was meant. He had served with distinction in Mexico, and, in spite of his devotion to Virginia and his own natural desire for opportunities in his profession—for Jackson was a trained officer—he could say:—

It is painful enough to discover with what unconcern they speak of war, and threaten it. They do not know its horrors. I have seen enough of it to make me look upon it as the germ of all evils.

Of his resolution in waging it, when once he had taken the field, he allowed neither friend nor enemy to remain in a moment's doubt.

Professional soldiers were scarce among the Confederates when the war broke out, and Jackson, who had been chafing under the uncongenial duties of a Lexington professorship, was, of course, given employment at once. He was appointed colonel of the Virginia Volunteers, and the force placed at his disposal amounted to some forty-five hundred officers and men. The appointment was not by any means a popular one. The new commander wore an old coat, rode a quiet horse very badly, and, worst of all, had notions of discipline utterly at variance with those entertained by the troops he had to lead. He made no speeches, he confided in no one, he asked no one for advice. His manœuvres in the Shenandoah Valley were so inscrutable that his staff officers freely expressed their opinion that he was insane, or, at least, a very strange and obnoxious variety of "crank." But when men began to realize the almost perfect strategy which underlay the wearisome and apparently purposeless marches and counter-marches; when they found that the blows of his opponents fell upon the empty air, while Jackson's counterstrokes smote section after section of the Federal armies like bolts from the blue, their opinions changed, and they concluded that it was not a "crank" but a genius who was directing them.

It was fortunate for the Confederates that in Lee they possessed a commander who could appreciate Jackson's plans. To relieve the pressure upon Richmond, the Confederate capital, by constantly menacing Washington was sound strategy, but it needed a strong man to carry it out. Two hundred thousand Federals were prepared in March, 1862, to invade Virginia. McClellan had over a hundred thousand within actual sight of Richmond; Frémont had thirty thou-

and in West Virginia; and the supine Banks had managed to throw a like number across the Potomac. To oppose these vast numbers, Lee had not sixty thousand available troops; yet with rare prescience he spared a goodly portion of his outnumbered army to reinforce Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. At the time it seemed almost like an act of suicide. As a fact it was one of the most brilliant strokes ever conceived by a strategist, and it altered the whole fortune of the war. But it was only possible because in Jackson Lee had a lieutenant of extraordinary capacity, who could carry out his plan with a perfection that seems almost incredible. Colonel Henderson gives the following admirable summary of the position:—

The odds against the South were great, and to those who believed that Providence sides with the big battalions, that numbers, armament, discipline, and tactical efficiency are all that is required to insure success, the fall of Richmond must have seemed inevitable. But within three months of the day that McClellan started for the Peninsula the odds had been much reduced. The Confederates had won no startling victories, except in the Valley, and where only small detachments were concerned the fighting had been indecisive. The North had no reason to believe that her soldiers, save only the cavalry, were in any way inferior to their adversaries, and yet, on June 26, where were the "big battalions"? 105,000 men were entrenched within site of the spires of Richmond, but where were the rest? Where were the 70,000 that should have aided McClellan, have encircled the rebel capital on every side, cut the communications, closed the sources of supply, and have overwhelmed the starving garrison? How came it that Frémont and Banks were no further south than they were in March? That the Shenandoah Valley still poured its produce into Richmond? That McDowell had not yet crossed the Rappahannock? What mysterious power

had compelled Lincoln to retain a force larger than the whole Confederate army "to protect the national capital from danger and insult"?

It was "the audacity which, at a moment apparently most critical, sent seventeen thousand of the best troops in the Confederacy as far northward as Harper's Ferry, and, a fortnight later, weakened the garrison of Richmond by seven thousand infantry." Lincoln and his generals could never free themselves from the fear of a sudden descent upon Washington by this Lexington professor, whom no efforts seemed able to drive out of the Valley. They knew that he would seize any opportunity that offered, and the knowledge paralyzed their strategy over the whole theatre of the war. The effect of Stonewall Jackson's perpetual menace against Washington is one of the most remarkable things in military history. It could hardly have been greater had he actually captured the city.

The credit of this great conception must go to Lee, but Jackson is justly entitled to the most ardent praise for the way in which he carried it out. It was his brain that conceived the march by Mechum's Station which bewildered Frémont and Banks; that rapid transfer of his army from one side of the Massanuttons to the other which drove Banks in panic to the Potomac; and the double victory of Cross Keys and Port Republic. How he did all this, and what manner of man he showed himself in the doing of it, the reader will find admirably set forth in these volumes, the understanding of which is made easy by a most grateful abundance of good military maps. We will only say, further, that on this campaign Jackson never seems to have paid the smallest attention to mere numbers, and that his success in paralyzing a force of one

hundred and seventy-five thousand men with one of sixteen thousand would seem to show that in this he was entirely justified.

We have already drawn on these volumes for two extracts, but we cannot forbear from one more, because it so admirably illustrates the discipline which Jackson succeeded in inculcating among his men, and the confidence which he inspired:—

One of General Hood's Texans left the ranks on the march and was climbing a fence to go to a cherry tree near at hand, when Jackson rode by and saw him.

"Where are you going?" asked the general.

The Academy.

"I don't know," replied the soldier.

"To what command do you belong?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what state are you from?"

"I don't know."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Jackson of another.

"Well," was the reply, "old Stonewall and General Hood gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight."

With this extract we take our leave of Stonewall Jackson, and put down Colonel Henderson's volumes with regret that the fatal wound at Chancellorsville should have prevented so great a soldier from winning a place among the supreme masters of strategy and leaders of men.

#### THE BASTILLE.\*

Of the many hypocrisies which dishonored the French Revolution none was more flagrant and ingenious than the legend of the Bastille. When the famous castle of the Faubourg St. Antoine surrendered to a pack of brigands a thousand husky throats sang the praise of liberty, and a thousand shallow minds were ready to believe that the battering of the royal prison was the last triumph of justice and benevolence. The monsters who killed M. de Launey, the humanest of jailers, and mangled M. de Losme, "the good angel of the prisoners," were not likely to shrink at falsehood. Phantom captives, whose unkempt locks reached to their knees, were dragged up from dark caverns, which had no existence, and publicly advertised for the proper excitement of the mob. Shivering wretches, whose sin had been no greater than to offend a

King's mistress, were driven mad (said the heroes of this aimless massacre) by the mere contact of the outer air. And as the ruffians, who carried on pikes the hearts of murdered men, and paraded through the streets of Paris the severed head of their deliverer, Bequard, flung the archives to the four winds, doubtless they thought that they had abolished the proof of their unreasoning folly. But paper is indestructible. Not one stone of the fortress was left standing upon another; the fateful drawbridge was torn from its creaking chains; the moat, across which many a well-fed, wistful captive had gazed despairingly, was filled with rubble; the famous place was so transformed that to-day it seems but a widening of the boulevard. Only the records remained, in part; and they, being stolen by curious hands, were, page after page, regathered, so that it is still possible to write the history of the King's

\* "Legendes et Archives de la Bastille." By M. Frantz Funck-Brentano. Paris, 1898.

prison, and to refute some of the lies upon which the French Revolution was industriously established.

At the very moment when the fortress was destroyed the archives were classified and set in order. No single paper had been neglected, and all such materials as might serve for a history of prisons and prisoners were collected for the use of the scholar already charged to publish the record. The priceless documents thus carelessly dispersed fell into the hands of amateurs. Beaumarchais laid hold of whatever he could find; the son of a notorious magistrate carried off a carriage-full; while an *attaché* of the Russian Embassy served his country so well that he was able to present the Emperor Alexander with a vast mass of papers, now piously preserved in the National Library at St. Petersburg. Thus it is that, piece by piece, the records of the Bastille have been put together until they fill sixteen portly volumes, and the labors of M. Ravaillon, together with the intelligent research of M. Funck-Brentano, have enabled us to discover how pleasant a sojourn in the royal prison might be, and to prove that the jangling chains and ingenious tortures concerning which the tongues of Humanity once waxed infinitely eloquent, were but the fairy tales of malice.

An enforced stay in the most splendid palace would prove an infliction to any free-born, ambitious child of man; compulsory well-being jars as acutely upon our senses as helpless misery. To be here to-day and gone to-morrow, is, for the adventurous, the true secret of happiness, and a genuine sufering is inflicted by the assurance that you could not, if you would, leave a comfortable library for the doubtful pleasures of the town. There was, then, a definite hardship imposed upon those who sojourned in the Bastille,—a restricted movement, an omi-

nous certainty of inaction, for which not even the best society and the oldest wine could wholly atone. But, apart from the necessary restriction, a stay in the famous prison of Paris was little more than an agreeable diversion. It seemed indeed, as though the King were on his mettle. His greatest anxiety was for the comfort of "my prisoners," as he curiously styles them. Again and again you will find notes, signed by the royal hand, insisting that the tastes of the gentlemen, whose liberty was for awhile curtailed, should be gratified without stint or complaint. In the first place, not every one was free of the Bastille. The crimes punished by imprisonment in this august dungeon were not, in the golden age at least, the common crimes of robbery and murder. No man was deserving a *lettre de cachet* who had not proved a danger to the state, or who had not superfluously insulted the monarch or his court. It was indeed a form of ostracism, this removal for awhile from the dangers and anxieties of common life; and honor dictated that the victims of a courtly system should be well fed and kindly treated. Riche-lieu, to whom France owes, among other dignities, her famous Academy, first devoted the Bastille to the reception of inconvenient opponents, and from the reign of Louis the Thirteenth the celebrated fortress became the luxurious prison of a powerful aristocracy. When Bassompierre passed across the drawbridge in 1631 he complains that he was permitted no other attendants than two valets and a cook, and henceforth no rich noble need depend for his comfort either upon his own exertion or the faulty attention of unwilling jailers. Money could buy within all the luxury that it brought without, and should a poor man stray within the impenetrable walls, the King was so eager to prove

his hospitality that he instantly allowed him a reasonable pension. Not a few prisoners were able to feed and clothe themselves like gentlemen, and then to save a comfortable sum out of the money allowed them by their sovereign. The rooms in which they were confined were lofty and well-aired; the furniture was arranged according to the taste of the occupant; Mme. de Staal, for instance, hung her walls with rich red tapestries, and many a distinguished culprit carried with him to the Faubourg St. Antoine his family portraits or a sumptuous library. Nor is it least significant that the prison barber visited his clients every morning with a silver basin, perfumed soap, and embroidered towels.

But it was the kitchen that was the peculiar glory of the place. The best restaurant in Paris could hardly supply such dinners as were lavished upon the captives, whom the popular imagination loaded with irons and surrendered to ravening rats in dank cells. One instance, out of many, is enough. Soon after Marmontel arrived in the dungeon, accompanied by his servant, he was disturbed by the drawing of bolts and the turning of keys. Two jailers, silent and discreet, entered to serve the dinner. The plates were but of common crockery, and the linen, though white, was coarse and rough; nor was the cutlery such as became an eminent man of letters. The food, however, was excellent, though it was Friday, and meat was piously withheld. A soup of white beans, with the freshest butter, was followed by a dish of the same beans, perfectly cooked. Then came a codfish, exquisitely seasoned with garlic, so fine in taste and odor, says the captive, that it would have flattered the palate of the greediest Gascon. The wine was not of the best, but it was passable, and the ab-

sence of dessert seemed the one and only fault; at any rate, Marmontel ate in good spirits, and reflected that, after all, prison fare was not despicable. But no sooner was the repast finished, than again the bolts were drawn, and the two jailers entered again, this time carrying a pyramid of plates. At the sight of the fine porcelain, the delicate linen, the silver knives and forks, Marmontel recognized his mistake. He had eaten his lackey's dinner, and there was nothing to be done but for the lackey to take his revenge upon what was prepared for his master. And it was a feast that might be served at a London club or at the high table of a learned foundation. This time there was no thought of Friday. An excellent soup, a succulent slice of beef, the thigh of a boiled capon, fried artichokes and spinach, a fine pear, fresh grapes, a bottle of old Burgundy, and the finest Mocha! And, to cap all, the governor called within an hour to ask the prisoner if he had dined well, and to assure him that every dish was served from his own table and carved with his own hand.

Their dinner finished, the prisoners did not lack distraction. They exchanged visits, and received their friends; they played cards or devoted themselves to the translation of the classics. One captive desired a violin; it was given him instantly. Another was an amateur of the flute, and he was permitted, at reasonable hours, to gratify his taste. The library was large and well chosen; no gentleman who professed an interest in science was disappointed, and the collection of novels was celebrated. Moreover, an amiable censorship was exercised by the lieutenant of police, and we hear that a poem upon the Greatness of God was struck out of the catalogue, on the ground that it might prove too melancholy for the prison-

ers. Nor was the governor more careless of his captives' wardrobes. Fine linen for the summer and furs for the winter were generously supplied, and no trouble was spared to suit the fancy of the wearer. There was one lady, for example, who demanded a dress of white silk sprinkled with green flowers; and the wife of a *commissaire* spent several days in ransacking the shops of Paris. The stuff, unfortunately, was not to be found; the nearest approach was a white silk with green stripes, and if that suited the lady her measure should instantly be taken. The infamous Latude was still more fastidious. Though it suited his purpose in later years to picture himself the martyr of a system, none knew better than he how to take advantage of his privileges. In the matter of dressing-gowns he was difficult to please, and the King's officers scoured Paris to discover the white and red material of his fancy, while he never ceased to demand fine shirts and embroidered handkerchiefs. Briefly, in small things and great the prisoners were treated as the King's guests. The most of them were allowed to walk abroad in the gardens, or upon the towers; from their windows they might gaze upon the busy world without; and did they feel the pang of loneliness, a companion was instantly given them. Nor did the advantage cease with the captive's enlargement. He frequently returned to the world richer and more famous than he left it. The Abbé Morellet confesses that a sojourn in the Bastille was the beginning of his celebrity. At the moment of his arrest he was unknown and obscure; no sooner was he free than all the *salons* of Paris were open to him. Six weeks agreeably spent were the beginning of his fortune, and he, for one, never regretted his enforced stay in the King's castle.

Moreover, even if the prisoner did not carry back to his friends a pocket full of money saved from his too generous allowance, he stood an excellent chance of pension or gratuity. One minister there was who rewarded all his prisoners, but though this example was not followed, the treasury was never parsimonious. Voltaire received a comfortable annuity after a brief incarceration; Latude and La Rochefoucauld had each his little income; and if a prisoner could prove that he was unjustly accused, compensation was handsome and immediate. Finally, detention in the Bastille carried with it no disgrace. A gentleman might be shut up for a month or a year without besmirching his honor; he resumed, when free, his ancient dignities, and so close was the bond which bound him to his recent host, that more than once the prison was but a stepping-stone to promotion.

However, in truth's despite, the Bastille became a symbol for cruelty and despair, and this symbol it has remained until this day. The tongue of Revolution waxed eloquent concerning the *cachots* and *oubliettes* which disfigured the dungeon. Now, the Bastille, being built for a fortress, had not a single *oubliette* within its walls, and the rooms which were known as *cachots* were a disgrace to the name. They were nothing else than spacious cells, placed upon the ground floor, which, being dark and apt to be flooded at a rising tide, were seldom occupied, except by prisoners of the lowest class or miscreants condemned to death. During the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, they were reserved for the violent ruffians who disobeyed the rules of the jail, or assaulted the jailers; and many years before the Revolution broke out, their doors were closed even against the most rebellious captive. Nevertheless, they, too, grew into a legend, whose

falsehood is completely proved by the evidence of documents. But the Bastille encouraged mystery: the King, like a courtly host, did not advertise to the world the names of the guests whom it was his pleasure to entertain; and out of this mystery grew a thousand fictions, so that it is impossible to consider a single incident in the prison's history without overturning the popular judgment. Nor is this whitewashing of a smoke-grimed building a mere exercise in irony, or a facile pose of originality. The historians who have undertaken it have invented nothing; they have but swept away the cobwebs of earlier inventions, and now at last we may contemplate the Bastille as it was, in all respects more glorious than it has seemed, even though certain episodes are robbed of their romance.

The royal mystery, as we have said, begat fictions, and the fiction that has outlived all others and dwarfed their interest is the fiction of the Iron Mask. To this, indeed, no element of vague excitement was lacking. A prisoner, so august that no jailer might be seated in his presence, and so secret that none on pain of death might look upon his face, was sufficient to puzzle the historian and to abash the vulgar. A long series of learned treatises has been devoted to its elucidation, and the very simplicity of the riddle seems to have made the answer all the more difficult. Besides, it so happened that Voltaire interested himself in the legend, which was perfectly suited to the exercise of his ironical wit. With a profound cunning the philosopher determined to draw what profit he might from a purely fanciful interpretation. Nor was he reckless enough to surprise the world too hastily. He laid his plans slowly but certainly, and did not offer a solution until he had aroused an uncommon interest in the falsehood that he had

already prepared. In the first edition of his "Century of Louis the Fourteenth," he already mentions a noble prisoner kept secretly in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, in whose presence even the Marquis de Louvois stood with considerate humility. But he does not as yet proclaim his invention. He preserves a like reticence in the first edition of the "Questions Upon the Encyclopædia," only adding that the prisoner was covered with a mask for fear that a dangerously striking likeness should be recognized. Having thus opened the way, he comes forth in the second edition of the "Questions" with the most ingenious lie that ever befogged the historian; the man in the mask, he boldly declares, was a uterine brother of Louis the Fourteenth, the son of Anne and Mazarin, and older than the King. For this amazing fairy tale he brings forward no proof; he cites in its defence no documents, he merely states the falsehood with a satiric dogmatism and laughs consumedly at the credulity of his dupes. The story, once born, grew into the strangest shape. Before long it was definitely proved that the masked prisoner became on the Isle Ste. Marguerite the father of a son, who escaped to Corsica, and presently established the family of the Bonapartes. Thus the descent of Napoleon from the Royal House of France seemed evident, and the legend was publicly quoted in the year IX. to pacify the Chouans. But, better than all, this version of Voltaire captured the imagination of Dumas, and inspired him to write, in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne," what is perhaps the most vivid chapter in the whole range of historical fiction. The novelist, indeed, made the princes twin brothers, or otherwise changed the legend of Voltaire. But never was the terrific majesty of Louis the Fourteenth portrayed with more spirit than in the

scene of the confrontation; and, despite its falsehood, the legend has received, for the people at least, a genuine immortality.

But, alas, the masked prisoner was no prince, and a month's research might have long since pierced the mystery, nor did he ever endure the misery of an iron visor; a slip of black velvet was enough to veil his features. Other guesses have been no less wild, and even more interested, than Voltaire's. A Jesuit father proved to his own satisfaction, so late as 1885, that the unknown captive was Molière, the infamous author of "Tartuffe." Oldendorf, Daugar and the Comte de Kérouralz are other candidates for the Mask, yet none is successful, and the real solution is so simple that one wonders at the gallons of spilt ink and at the despair of Michelet. The Man in the Mask was, in fact, none other than Count Mattioli, a Mantuan spy, who, employed in a delicate affair, sold his master, Charles the Fourth of Mantua, to Louis the Fourteenth, and received as the price of his betrayal a valuable diamond and a hundred double louis. But the habit of treachery was so strong upon him, that no sooner had he deceived his own master than he turned traitor to the King of France; whereupon, Louis, not wishing to be involved in a public scandal, had him kidnapped, with the aid of the Abbé d'Estrades, and straightway carried, silent and masked, to the fortress of Pignerol. That the law had been broken is certain, but there was then no Chamber of Deputies to ask unpleasant questions, and no journals to interrupt the course of wild justice. Mattioli vanished from the world as mysteriously as if he had never been born, and since he was a double-faced traitor, nobody seems to have made an anxious search for him. His capture was made in 1679; fifteen years

later he is known to have been in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, and it was not until 1698 that he was transferred to the Bastille, where he died in 1703. Strangest accident of all, the certificate of his death was inscribed in the register of the church of St. Paul, and though the original was burnt some years since, a fac-simile had been made, which still remains to confute the ancient romance.

The proofs are few, but sufficient. In the King's letter to the Abbé d'Estrades he insists that the capture should be made without noise, and that the identity of the prisoner should be most zealously concealed. A pamphlet published in 1682 declares that Mattioli was kidnapped by a dozen horsemen, who masked him and carried him to Pignerol. Moreover, the names of the prisoners shut up at Pignerol in 1681 are perfectly well known. They were but five in number; of these, three died years before the Man in the Mask, who must, therefore, be either Dauger or Mattioli. He was not Dauger; therefore, even without the convincing certificate of death, he is mathematically proved to have been the Mantuan courtier. The secret, in fact, was no better than a Dreyfus case of the seventeenth century, and but for the autocracy of the time, it might have been no secret at all, but a scandal.

The mystery of Latude has been almost as profound as the mystery of the Mask, and infinitely less reasonable. For here, indeed, nothing was veiled, and the story, at once squalid and amusing, was plain for all the world to read. But Latude was so persistent and ingenious a ruffian that he persuaded all Paris to believe him a martyr; he told lies with so wanton an effrontery that his famous *Memoirs* became, so to say, the bible of the Revolution, and men spoke as though no blood had been so precious

but "it might justly have been shed to liberate this clever, eloquent, intriguing rascal." Yet no man from so small a beginning ever enjoyed a more glorious career, and the true story of his life, as told in letters and documents which cannot lie, is far more amusing than the vaunted sentimentality of his own *Memoirs*. That he suffered a certain hardship may be readily conceded. He passed thirty-five years in elegant imprisonment for a crime which seems light enough to-day. But during those many years he was treated with a generosity and consideration to which neither his birth nor his character entitled him; and he was, moreover, the most unruly prisoner who ever tried the astounding patience of an amiable jailer. In those days to break prison was a capital offence, and Latude three times escaped from durance; but he was each time received back into the only home that would have sulted his peculiar talents, and he does not seem to have been treated any the worse for his infraction. In truth, he was the most accomplished prisoner that ever lived; but he was nothing more than a prisoner, and it is doubtful whether he would have achieved an equal success in any other walk of life. He understood to a marvel the tricks and habits of his class; he was a perfect adept in the art of writing begging-letters, and he could invent a new project every week to interest the King and the King's ministers. Did he desire to communicate with the world outside, the laws of the Bastille presented no difficulty. He flashed signals to a pair of laundresses opposite, or threw copies of his famous letters into the street beneath. Moreover, he took advantage of the leisure afforded him to complete a faulty education, so that, when at last freedom came, he could face his superiors with a far better

bearing than would have been possible to the wastrel who strayed by great good fortune into the Bastille. But when liberty might have been purchased by silence, he preferred to reiterate his insults against Madame de Pompadour, and when at last the door was thrown open, he refused to go unless his monstrous claims for compensation were satisfied.

He was a native of Languedoc, born in 1725. His mother was a servant, his father unknown; but his obscure origin did not prevent his claiming a noble descent. The taste for masquerade asserted itself early, and he was but a boy when he gave himself the name of Jean Danry, under which he performed his first exploits. At twenty he was with the army in Flanders, attached to the ambulance, and it was only after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle that he came to Paris. Intelligent, reckless, unscrupulous, he soon fell into difficulties, and it was not long before he devised the pitiful trick which earned him free lodgings and an abundant table for thirty-five years. At that time a popular toy was sold in the Palais Royal; it was a pear-shaped bulb of blown glass, which burst with a noise when the end was broken. The ingenious Latude (or Danry, as he was then called), purchased half a dozen of these Prince Rupert's drops, four of which he put in a box, filling up the spaces with dust of vitriol and powdered alum. When the packet was made he addressed it to Madame de Pompadour, with a request that the lady would open the box in secret; and no sooner had he posted it than he set out hot-foot for Versailles, where he hoped to appear as the saviour of the King's favorite. His story was admirably prepared; he had overheard a plot to destroy the Pompadour; he had seen the assassins throw the box into the post and had lost no time in

bringing the news to Versailles. Unfortunately, the truth was immediately discovered; the box was recognized to be harmless; no attempt was made to discover the supposed authors of the plot, and Latude was thrown into the Bastille. That he should have been sent to so noble a prison was a compliment which he in no way deserved, and had he not been charged with a plot against the life of the King's mistress, doubtless a humbler dwelling-place would have been assigned him. But thus he began the career of prisoner, and though the occasion of his punishment was poor indeed, he soon proved that he possessed all the qualities necessary for a sojourn in the Bastille.

His first escape was made from Vincennes, and it was designed with a pastoral simplicity which may not be put down to the credit of Latude. He was walking in the garden, enjoying the freedom which assorted ill with his later professions of martyrdom, when a black spaniel leaped at the door. To the prisoner's surprise, the door flew open, and, without let or hindrance, Latude walked forth, to wander up and down, not knowing where in the world of Paris to hide his head. Even thus early he proved himself incapable of enjoying liberty. He had escaped, yet could not avoid detection; and though a charming Annette came to his aid, he was speedily recaptured, and lodged this time in a *cachot* of the Bastille. Death might have been his reward for this escape, but good fortune seems to have marked Latude for her own, and he suffered no other discomfort than an ignominious cell. His diet was unchanged; his books, his ornaments were left him, and the lieutenant of police gave orders that not even his daily promenade should be curtailed. To explain the leniency is impossible; no more may be said save that it

seems to have been acknowledged on all hands that Latude was born for imprisonment, and that, therefore, every indulgence should be offered to this natural jail-bird. But he was not behind in generosity, and in return for these handsome privileges, he gave the governor a cure for the gout. However, solitude harassed him, and at first he asked for the companionship of singing-birds, which was instantly granted him. Yet he was not content, and he further imposed upon the governor's good nature by demanding a companion. A companion appeared, one Allègre, a madman of genius, to whose instruction Latude owed everything. Now Allègre was an erudite mathematician, an ingenious writer, and so monstrously vain that he died a lunatic, believing himself God. But he easily gained an ascendancy over Latude, who was afterwards described by an official as the Second Volume of Allègre. To such a partnership nothing was impossible. They found a means to wander from end to end of the Bastille, and to win the confidence of all their colleagues. When writing materials were forbidden, Latude made letters with blood upon his handkerchief; and when that was declared a crime, he wrote with bread crumb and slipped the improvised message between two plates.

But suddenly the two companions improved their conduct; they became docile as children. They had no other wish than for shirts and handkerchiefs. Latude was already well supplied, but he received in addition two dozen shirts at twenty *lires* apiece, and handkerchiefs of the finest cambric. Nor was this taste dictated by the vanity of a peasant. Allègre had already begun to make his famous rope ladder, for which Latude claimed all the credit, and which to-day lies huddled and worm-eaten in a glass case

at the Musée Carnavalet. The shirts were not to be put upon the back of the bastard from Languedoc; they were all unravelled, and made up again into the rope whose fame has spread to the four quarters of the globe. Meanwhile Allégre had procured saws, hammers, and all those other tools which form the property of every respectable prison. The apparatus was kept between the boards of the cell inhabited by the two mechanics and the ceiling of the room below. So they worked and schemed until all was ready, and then one night they dropped their ladder and showed the Bastille a clean pair of heels. But being entirely helpless without the walls of a prison they were easily recaptured, and Latude ere long was lodged again in the Bastille, while Allégre found his way, mad and dazed, to Charenton.

So Latude continued his life of luxury, adding to his wardrobe fur gloves and caps and breeches of the stoutest leather. When he desired a blue dressing-gown striped with red, a patient officer visited twelve shops to find the stuff. After this extravagance, silk garters, colored handkerchiefs and muslin cravats are mere trifles. But, unhappily, this peerless gentleman suffered from his eyes. The King's oculist instantly waited upon him, and only discontinued his visits when he found that his patient merely wished to employ him to deliver letters outside the jail. The story seems incredible, and it is no wonder that Latude's insolence increased. He wrote almost daily letters of insult to Madame de Pompadour and her family; he compared himself to Tamerlane, and in this guise he demanded two doves that he might send them as a peace-offering to the lady who had compassed his ruin. But his complacency lasted no more than an hour; the next day the insults were resumed, and he was still kept prisoner.

Luck, however, fought persistently on his side, and in 1764 he made another extraordinary escape from Vincennes. It was a foggy day, and he was walking with a sentinel without the walls. Suddenly he turned to his guard and said: "What do you think of the weather?" "Very bad," replied the jailor. "No, it isn't," retorted Latude; "it is an excellent day to escape." With that he ran off, and in two seconds was invisible. Of course, he was easily recaptured, for freedom always deprived him of his wits. But at last it was his fate to leave his prison a triumphant martyr. It had long been his habit to address memorials to the King, his ministers, and the citizens of France. One of these documents, compiled and transcribed with consummate industry, fell into the hands of a Madame Legros, the wife of a mercer, a strange heroine, who had no sooner read Latude's rhodomontade than she determined to devote what remained of her life to his enlargement. Her husband nobly aided her project, and so great was her persistence that, despite her humble estate, she not only obtained Latude's freedom, but she made him rich and famous. History does not hold a more astounding romance. The poor woman left no stone unturned; she visited the great families of the Faubourg St. Germain; she even obtained the ear of the Queen; and to do Latude justice, he was honorable enough to refuse every other occasion of escape after his benefactress had undertaken her pious task. The result was that Latude, who had entered the Bastille a poor peasant, came out of it noble, rich and distinguished. Madame Legros brought him to live beneath her own roof. He visited in great houses; he received a pension; he brought an action against the family of Madame de Pompadour and gained a great part of her wealth;

finally, he became the hero of his time, and his supposed martyrdom was one of the factors in the great and glorious Revolution. Unhappily, he could not remain decent or honorable. Insatiable for money, he made fresh demands every day. His vanity was so vast, that he was presently excluded from the houses which once had welcomed him. Worse than this, he did not shrink from rascality, and when the Duchess of Kingston died (herself a patroness, who had not forgotten him in her will), he attended her sale, bought a trinket, and attempted to pay for it with bad money. Yet after the Revolution his fame still further increased. The Assembly voted him unanimously a pension of two thousand livres, and Latude proclaimed grandiloquently, "The whole nation has adopted me." So, he died, at the age of eighty, full of honors, and not disdained even by Napoleon himself.

The elevation of Latude into a martyr is farcical enough; but the taking of the Bastille was the worst piece of hypocrisy which the frowning walls of the fortress had yet witnessed. The fourteenth of July, indeed, should be marked with a black stone. Had the crowd which set forth to destroy the King's prison proclaimed a war upon the luxury of the great their folly had been seasoned with a spice of reason. But no; in taking the Bastille, they were vindicating the liberty of the people, and with Michelet's aid France has for a hundred years believed in this obvious falsehood. Moreover, the Bastille was not taken at all; it gave itself up, chiefly because the tradition of kindness was too strong. The governor, who might have slaughtered the opposing mob, was loth to shed blood, and in return for his pity, his blood and the blood of his officers was shamefully poured forth. The people found within the

hated walls no signs of cruelty or disgrace. Only seven prisoners were shut up in the prison. Of these, two were mad, since of old madness was punished by captivity. Four were forgers, and the seventh was a captive at his family's desire and a rival of the Marquis de Sade, who, by the way, had only just left. But the popular imagination, thus baffled, invented a white-haired and starving man, a Marquis de Lorges, who had never existed, save in the imagination of the people. It likewise invented the apparatus of torture, which was no more than a piece of armor belonging to the sixteenth century, and an illicit printing-press. With these poor evidences the popular imagination was content. Every butcher and shoemaker who shared in the riot was pensioned and glorious, and so late as 1874 one citizen was found infamous enough still to ask a pension for an imagined share in this dastardly massacre. However, the Bastille was destroyed, and the Reign of Terror was ready to begin, and even to-day the French Republic celebrates the impious memory with fireworks, dances and Russian flags. But there are some to whom the Bastille may still seem an institution to regret. The pamphleteer is ever anxious to explain that the great philosophers, Voltaire, Diderot and the rest, who gave to the Revolution such ideas as it professed, sojourned within the bleak walls of the fortress. By their own confession, they passed the time with dignity and comfort. Had they lived a few years longer, they would one and all have climbed the equalizing scaffold; and surely it is not paradoxical to declare that a gentlemanly prison, from which there may be an escape, is more highly to be esteemed than the democrat's gillotiné, whose steps no man might descend.

*Charles Whibley.*

## IN YEARS OF STORM AND STRESS.

## POLITICAL PRISON LIFE BEFORE 1848.

In summer, 1847, shortly before the mighty storm and upheaval which shook the whole continent, there was already strong political sheet-lightning in southern and western Germany. There had been risings in Italy, then a mere "geographical expression," as Metternich cynically said; even insurrections for obtaining a constitution in chain-bound Naples. In Switzerland the Sonderbund troubles began, which ended in the overthrow of that Jesuit League by the arms of the Confederation. In France, the corrupt system of Louis Philippe's government showed Hippocratic signs of a coming dissolution.

A year before I had had to go through a press trial before the Court of Justice at Mannheim. It was on account of an article denouncing the harsh treatment of a private soldier who had presumed upon becoming a convert to the religious community founded by Johannes Ronge under the name of "German Catholicism." This mild new sect, for which so moderate a man as Professor Gervinus had entered the lists, was held to be crypto-revolutionary! The article had passed the lynx-eyes of the censor. Yet, after all, I was hauled up before the stern judges.

From this prosecution I issued unscathed, thanks to the eloquence of Friedrich Hecker, then one of the best juriconsults and leader of the advanced Liberal group in the Baden House of Commons. Perhaps a kind of secret sympathy of the judges with freer aspirations had something to do with the sentence of not guilty. I, too, spoke in my own defence. The proceedings were strictly secret. A

strange feeling overcame me when, in the large hall, amply furnished with seats for an audience, we stood alone before the court. It was as if one had to face a tribunal of the Inquisition or a *Vehm-Gericht*. Strangely did the walls echo our voices with hollow sound in the vacant room. The charge was one of incitement to sedition. A condemnation would have meant a good many years of the most severe imprisonment.

When the judges withdrew for deliberation, Hecker, who was of a somewhat impulsive temperament, could not restrain himself from stealing up the steps of the stage on which the judges had sat and listening at the key-hole. With radiant face he, after a short while, gave me to understand by signs that we had won the case. Scarcely had he stepped down again on his toes, when the court solemnly rustled in and proclaimed the sentence of not guilty. Immediately the crown prosecutor entered his appeal to the High Court, which then sat in the grand-ducal castle. But there, too, the first sentence was, after some time, upheld. All this looked like a promise of better days coming.

This prosecution had been begun against me when I was still a student at Heidelberg University. There I had been active in political affairs, during communal and parliamentary elections, in friendly connection with the leading Liberals of the town and their respected and widely known head—the Burgomaster Winter. Among undergraduates, citizens, workmen and peasants, as well as in the gymnastic associations I had sought to

work for national freedom and unity. For this same object I had been a frequent contributor to the press in Baden, Bavaria and Prussia. The result was that, together with three associates at the university, who were similarly, though less strongly, compromised, I received in 1846 the *consilium abeundi*. In other words, I was rusticated.

The senate of the university, it is true, was against this measure which had been taken by the curator. In that dreary period of oppression this body of professors had the courage of declaring that "political activity was every citizen's right; therefore also every student's." But the home secretary, to whom the matter was submitted, stood by the curator. When a further appeal was addressed to the whole state ministry or cabinet, Government confirmed the virtual degree of expulsion. So we had to say good-bye to our *alma mater* on the banks of the Neckar and her entrancingly charming surroundings. For my part, I was additionally punished by the withdrawal of a scholarship which had been conferred upon me at Karlsruhe, when leaving for Heidelberg, at the suggestion of the College of Professors. It was a scholarship much aimed at by several schoolfellows; but, desirable as it was, it had been granted to me quite unsought and unexpected.

Being forced to leave, we were triumphantly taken out by many prominent citizens in open carriages, when a banquet was given to us before the gates of the town. I then went to the University of Bonn, where several student friends from Heidelberg also took up their abode; among them the later, Baden Minister of Finances, Moritz Ellstätter, and a dear associate, Busch, a Mecklenburger, who soon was to become to me a deliverer from a most serious danger. The details of

this case once more throw a curious light on the state of things in the strange days before 1848.

There was then no German right of citizenship; only a right of residence in some particular state—and what kind of a right! National unity merely existed in so far as all the princely governments combined in carrying out measures of persecution against any opponent of theirs, wherever found. Thus the moderate Nestor of German Constitutionalists, Adam von Itzstein, and his friend Hecker, both members of the Baden House of Commons, had been expelled from Berlin, simply because they had gone there for a visit. No wonder the inquiry concerning the press trial instituted against me was continued at Bonn before the University Court, to which students were amenable. The examination was a severe one; all the more so because I had resumed my literary activity there. Though done anonymously, it was pretty well known to the authorities by postal espionage. Moreover, I had given fresh offence, because, among undergraduates of the Rhenish city also, I tried to promote our views; whereas the rector, in his inaugural address, had cynically told us that he would not mind our pursuing a life of pleasure, but that we must steer clear of anything bringing us into conflict with the authorities on political grounds. The indignation I felt on listening to this counsel it would be difficult to describe.

To the sharp questions put to me before the University Court. I, no doubt, gave equally sharp answers, or perhaps even a little more so, as I did not acknowledge the legitimacy of such an investigation on Prussian soil. Little did I suspect what this would lead to. One day, evidently for the purpose of fatally enmeshing me, I was to be implicated in an affair

which might have cost me my head. In a hideous nocturnal street scrimmage between soldiers and students belonging to so-called "Corps," a hussar had been stabbed and killed. Before the University Court, a *pedell*, or minor proctor, a wretched fellow who must have been primed, asserted that he had recognized me as the guilty person. Now, on that same night I had been quietly in my bed. As a matter of fact, I had never had anything to do with acts of common brutality, and no complaint had ever arisen against my mode of life at the university. When I indignantly declared the assertion of the *pedell* to be a lie, he, with finger threateningly pointed at me, repeated his mendacious statement on his oath. Such means of getting at a politically marked man by a somewhat round-about way were then not infrequent.

After my friend Busch had heard of this, he, without saying a word—for this was his taciturn northern manner, which only now and then was interrupted by a sudden outbreak of almost passionately warm sentiment—quietly went to the University Court, declaring on his oath that I had never stirred from home on that evening. His rooms and mine, facing the university building, were connected by inner doors. This circumstance saved me.

After my studies were over at Bonn, I once more went south, to my native town, Mannheim. In spite of the decree of expulsion, I repeatedly visited Heidelberg in secret, in order to make speeches there before citizens and students in the large hall of a hotel whose proprietor belonged to our party. I used disguise on those occasions. Once, I remember, I put on the garb and the cap of a butcher, which I had borrowed. But it was just in this masquerade, which apparently suited me ill, that I was recognized, arrested,

and brought before the authorities. After being detained only a very few moments, I was, however, released, after having declared that my university time was over.

One of those clandestine speeches or lectures, which was secretly printed as a pamphlet and largely circulated, referred to the opening of the "United Diets" at Berlin by Frederick William IV.—a worse than mediæval caricature of a parliament. In granting it, the king himself had said, in his peculiar phraseology, that, "between our Lord God in Heaven and the country, no written piece of paper (meaning a constitution) shall be allowed to intrude." Had the authorship of the pamphlet, which dealt rather strongly with these utterances, been found out, a colossal trial for high treason would certainly have been the result. When such lectures were given, the window-shutters were closed, and men so posted as to watch the approaches, in order that lights might be quickly extinguished in case of need, and those present be enabled to group themselves innocently in various rooms. However, the police never had an inkling of what was going on.

At Mannheim I made the acquaintance of her who, a little later, in revolutionary time, became my wife, after her first husband's death. In August, 1847, I paid a visit to Friederike in the lovely Dürkheim, in Rhenish Bavaria, where she had gone for the summer. The clandestine propagandism of pamphlets was at that time in full swing. Many fly-sheets were smuggled into Germany from Switzerland and Alsace; writings and songs by Heinzen, Herwegh, Freiligrath, and others.

As I said good-by at Mannheim to an acquaintance who was manager in a publishing firm, he fetched from behind a shelf a little packet of such forbidden things, presenting them as a friendly gift. His name was Prince;

but his political leanings were quite the other way. The leaflet, printed on the thinnest paper for hidden transport, was Heinzen's "The German Famine and the German Princes." It contained an appeal to the working classes in town and country, among whom there was fearful distress in 1847—so much so that many "bread and potato riots" occurred all over the country. I took some of these pamphlets with me and travelled to Dürkheim.

It so happened that the eccentric Ludwig I. of Bavaria, then hated throughout Germany for his despotic ways, and satirized for his impossible poetry, and his scandalous connection with Lola Montez, the "Spanish dancer" (she was in reality of different national origin), was mentioned in the little pamphlet. A chance, which could not have been thought out better, or rather in more improbable manner, for a theatrical play, would so have it that the King came to the very same hotel where we were staying. It was the "Vier Jahreszeiten" ("Four Seasons"), famed for its pleasant hostess, the Beautiful Anna, as she was universally called. The guests in the hotel were shown the splendidly furnished bed-room where his Majesty was to take his rest. But what his Majesty, standing late one night on the first landing, shouted down as his desire or command, cannot be mentioned here. It would seem too improbable, though it is strictly true.

These were glorious August days, and we wanted to enjoy them. A hot sun shone when we made a trip, with Friederike's children and their governess, to Neustadt on the Haardt—a little town known for the advanced views of its inhabitants, which were then shared by the large majority of the people of Rhenish Bavaria. I had been there shortly before, during a great gathering of gymnastic associa-

tions, and striven among them to spread our principles of national freedom and union and of social progress. Having made a few good acquaintances among the citizens, I was glad to go to Neustadt once more on a visit.

As we drove along on the parched road, amidst clouds of white dust, a journeyman, with heavy valise on his back, came running by the side of the carriage, begging for a zehrpennig or viaticum. By the trades' rules then prevailing, a handicraftsman was expected to make a number of travelling rounds ere he could set up as a master with the guild's approval of a piece of workmanship he had to lay before it. To ask for alms on his way was then an accepted custom, far more honored in the observance than in the breach. Such doles were not even looked upon as alms—as little as in olden, even in somewhat recent, times, the claim of the wandering student was when he came to any scholar's house, openly saying: "*Pauper studiosus petit viaticum.*"

We felt great pity for the poor perspiring fellow. Friederike at once took out a piece of silver, and being struck by a sudden thought of combining charity with the propaganda of patriotic ideas, wrapped it in the tiny pamphlet she had with her. She naturally imagined that it was well calculated to speak to the mind and the heart of a suffering workingman—that class being then quite at the mercy of an overbearing police. It is true, I had doubts as to whether it was advisable thus to trust, on the spur of the moment, an utterly unknown person, and I was going to say so. But there was scarcely time left for a word of warning, for Friederike had been so quick in throwing the money to the poor fellow that the whole was over in a moment.

She rose in the carriage to look back, to see whether he had picked up

the coin, and what he would do with the paper.

"Yes!" she exclaimed joyously; "he has opened the leaflet, and now he is reading it!"

I sat opposite to her, and could not see. Presently, the clouds of dust made the man himself nearly invisible.

When we arrived at Neustadt we alighted at an inn. After a while we were waited upon in an unlooked-for manner. A police official, accompanied by gendarmes, declared he had to arrest us. It came out that the wretch of a journeyman had run in hot haste to Neustadt to denounce us as guilty of high treason and *lèse-majesté* and to pocket the pay for it. If I remember aright, the sum legally fixed for such informer's service was a good one for a workman—just thirty gulden or pieces of silver.

In the pamphlet not only the King of Bavaria was spoken of, whom so strange a fatality had led to the hotel of the "Four Seasons." But misfortune so willed it that the fellow whom we had wished to help in his distress had formerly been in the service of the Bavarian police! Truly, a complication which could not have been invented more dramatically.

After a short examination, we were separately caged in prison. The children were sent back with the governess to Dürkheim, and afterwards to Mannheim. They were Mathilde, who later became distinguished in England as a poetess, and Ferdinand, who in 1866, on the eve of what Prince Bismarck himself in later years described as "a fratricidal war," died a tragic death at Berlin.

High treason and *lèse-majesté* combined formed a terrible outlook. For the latter crime alone Dr. Eisenmann, a medical man of note, and editor of the *Bairische Volksblatt*, had been condemned to lifelong hard labor, and compelled, in addition, under this very

King Ludwig of Bavaria, to make an apology on his knees before the portrait of his Majesty! Such was the cruel law then in force.

I was distracted by apprehensions for Friederike. At the same time I was tormented by a thought of the danger threatening the renowned leader of the Liberal Constitutional party, Herr von Itzstein, from whom I had a letter of a very hazardous kind on me, concealed between the cloth and lining of my waistcoat. The letter referred to the daughter of the burgo-master, Tschech, who had made an attempt upon the life of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia.

According to the barbarous Prussian law of that time, the regicide was to be dragged to the place of execution on a cow-hide, whilst his next blood relations, although utterly guiltless, were to be placed under police supervision in a kind of duress. After Tschech had been beheaded, his innocent daughter was kept a virtual prisoner in the manse of a clergyman. At last she succeeded in making her escape, and appeared at Mannheim, wholly destitute of means. She knew no one there. She only knew the names of Itzstein and Hecker, who, years before, had been expelled from Berlin. Ringing the bell at Itzstein's house, she intended asking for some aid in her terrible position as a starving fugitive, in order to be enabled to reach Switzerland. Itzstein was away on his estate at Hallgarten in the Rheingau. In her despair, the helpless girl went to Hecker's house, where she received some sustenance. The question then was, how to provide further for her in her exile.

It was a risky affair for Herr von Itzstein—who in the Baden House of Deputies always maintained a cautious attitude, and, in spite of his friendship with Hecker, the Democratic spokesman, seldom failed, as a

leader of the united Opposition, to make his bow, so to say, before his Royal Highness the Grand Duke—to take part in the collection of pecuniary means for the daughter of a would-be regicide. Itzstein, therefore, entrusted the matter to a discreet friend. He also wrote a letter which, handed to me, served as a full power for gathering subscriptions.

Thus all things had conspired to produce an inextricable network of snares. Nay, in the hotel, where King Ludwig had so unexpectedly arrived, I had left a number of the compromising leaflets, though so well concealed that I could hope they would not be found. In fact, they were not discovered; perchance through the quick action of the owners of the "Four Seasons." The treacherous journeyman was, however, a dangerous witness; and now the discovery of Itzstein's letter was threatening. What could be done to get rid of what I secretly carried on me in my waistcoat?

The cell in which I was locked up at Neustadt was furnished scantily enough. It was evidently intended for common criminals or vagabonds. No one, at this time of the day, would believe in the possibility of its arrangements. There was a straw mattress on the floor, which, on lying down in the evening, I found to be swarming with little worms. Over it, a blanket and nothing more. Instead of a chair and a table, a so-called *holzbock*, that is, a jack or sawing trestle, on which one had to sit as well as to put and take a meal.

No sooner was I in the cell than I took Itzstein's letter from the little slit of my waistcoat, tore off his signature and some of the chief compromising passages, and for safety's sake, actually chewed and ate some parts of them. It was difficult swallowing, indeed—a most horrid sensation. The remainder I began to tear in pieces, and after

having chewed some of them, too, made pellets, which I popped out through the cross-bars.

Suddenly there was a noise in the corridor. I heard steps, and what seemed to be the clanking of a bundle of heavy keys. Quickly I threw the torn pieces of paper into the slop pail.

The administrator, or head warden, of the prison (I do not know what his real position or title was) proved a very kind man. Instead of sending a meal into my cell in the evening, he asked me, through the turnkey, to come up to his own room to sup with his family. In the conversation he avoided everything that might have seemed to bear upon our case. Friederike, I learnt later, had also had to pass the night on a straw mattress, though with somewhat better surroundings.

Next morning I was conveyed on foot, handcuffed, under the escort of a gendarme on horseback. Another gendarme on foot followed behind, with fixed bayonet on his gun. It was one of the loveliest mornings. The sun shone brilliantly, and there were still traces of dew on the grass. The horseman, no doubt, had been added with a view of preventing all danger of a rescue. After some time, when we were well in the open country, he turned back, and the gendarme on foot alone accompanied me.

At a village he led me into an inn. To my astonishment, after having put his gun into a corner of the room, he went out for about five minutes or more, leaving me alone. The hostess, who, in his absence, came in to place some wine for him on the table, looked with the fullest friendliness upon me, and spoke a few kind words. Like wildfire, it had been bruited about under what charge we had been arrested; and this, among the free-minded people of the Palatinate, was rather a claim to hearty sympathy.

The hostess went out, and I was still alone. The thought struck me that here was a chance of escape. How if I were to seize the gun, and to make a run for the next turning of a street, going into the first peasant's house, and asking for shelter by explaining to him that I was a political prisoner? My hands were so manacled that the slight chain which connected the shackles left me some free play of movement. At any rate, even if I were refused shelter and caught again, my position could scarcely be much worse than before.

The idea had no sooner entered my mind than I dismissed it forthwith. I could not fly, leaving Friederike in the grasp of the jailers. Even the obvious thought that her counsel, when it came to the trial, might use the circumstance of my flight for designating me as the only guilty one, and thus facilitate her release, could not overcome my repugnance to seeking safety for myself.

Presently the gendarme returned. So we went on until we reached another place, where I was put, during the night, into one of the worst holes imaginable. It was scarcely larger than the compartment of a stable. The low, narrow cell was wholly taken up by a slanting piece of board, on which, at night, two men might lie close together. No chair; no table. Only a large earthen pot—not for washing purposes. That was all. No possibility of ventilation. I lay down on the filthy straw mattress in my clothes, and awoke with a racking headache.

In the morning I was led further on, handcuffed, to the House of Correction at Frankenthal, which Friederike had reached, in the meanwhile, by carriage. But we could not see each other.

At Frankenthal the handcuffs were taken off. I was placed in a cell where I found a man charged with murder

and another with theft. The murderer had been a German soldier in the Greek army. He was accused—so he said—of having killed his wife. This ex-trooper of King Otto (a brother of the reigning King of Bavaria) was a fine-looking, dark-eyed man, with crisp black hair, of rather prepossessing, almost noble, features, though deeply pock-marked. He had a winning voice and manners, but was much oppressed by melancholy. The thief, a peasant, with slightly reddish fair hair and watery gray-blue eyes, had a remarkably large head of a somewhat prehistoric shape, a stealthy tread, and was very humorously inclined.

For these two prisoners there were pallasses on the ground. I had a bedstead, but the bed was so infested with vermin that every evening I had first to sit up for a long time to try making a *razzia* of them. My complaint was of no use, even though a commission of inspection once visited the cell. Into the almost incredibly horrible lack of sanitary arrangements of the prison I will not enter. Be it enough to say that the stench from a place just outside was so overpowering, in that hot summer, that I wondered every day that my health did not give way.

Again, as at Neustadt, the director of the prison—this time a gentleman of good presence and intellectual culture—proved very kind, although those hideous barbarities were tolerated under his eyes. Such contrasts were then frequent. First of all he took me to his official room, asking me whether I would like to beguile the time by casting up some accounts for him. No doubt this suited his own convenience. Yet I was right glad to get out, for a while, of the cell in which I was mated with common criminals. In accordance with the regulations, I was further permitted to have food brought to me at my own expense from the director's table. Moreover, he himself

often went with me for about half an hour, or an hour, into the courtyard, when no other prisoners took exercise, conversing with me on topics of general interest. Now and then he even left me alone there, trusting to my word of honor that I would not make an attempt at an escape. The walls of the prison were surprisingly low.

But oh! the horror of those nights!

One day, when the thief had been called away before the inquiring judge the man who was accused of murder said to me in a mysterious undertone that he knew who I was, and that I did not belong to their own criminal class; so he would trust me as a gentleman with his dread secret. He then indicated, partly by words, partly by gestures, that he had really done the deed by means of a dagger poisoned at the point. He had to deny it, in order to save his neck. He also hinted at a cause of jealousy which had made him do it.

Now, when night came and I tossed about on my couch, driven to distraction by the vermin, I often heard that unhappy man suddenly uttering, in his dreams, heart-rending cries of terror, and groaning with distress and despair. He then started up with ghastly, distorted mien, as I could sometimes see when the pale moon shone through the window. This terrible scene was often repeated.

During the day, the thief, who enjoyed a sound sleep, generally tried to be amusing. He said his own wife had given him the nickname of *Zuchthaus-Besen* (Prison-Broom—that is jailbird) on account of his having so often done time. He continually spoke about amatory subjects—which he called “the poor man’s sugar-bread”—but rather in the manner of the natural man than in a lascivious sense. He seemed to know the prison, in which there was a wing also for women, out and out. What he told us

about their unmentionable practices in preparing the food for the prisoners made me right glad to be allowed to have my meals from the director’s table.

Books on Jurisprudence and on Political Economy which I had sent for from home I was permitted to study, and also to read a novel like Bulwer Lytton’s “Last Days of Pompeii.” I vividly remember the pleasure this latter work gave me in a German translation. But the sad thoughts about Friederike never ceased to distract me. How would she be able to pass through the searching inquiry of the examining judge? And if she confessed all, what frightful fate would be before us both?

Under so tyrannical a government and under such inhuman laws, no one in his senses expected that a political prisoner would help in twisting the rope or sharpening the axe for his own neck. Friederike’s family relations had offered bail for her to the amount of 20,000 gulden—a very large sum in those days—but the offer was refused. When she asked, among the books she wished to have sent her from her house at Mannheim, for Feuerbach’s works, the judge indignantly exclaimed:—“What? You mean to study your own case?”

He was thinking of Feuerbach, the famed authority on criminal jurisprudence. This Feuerbach the elder had taken a lively interest in the case of Kaspar Hauser, whom he believed to have been the real heir-presumptive of the Baden dynasty, spirited away and brought up in seclusion as a semi-idiot for the purpose of making room for another claimant to the throne. The works which Friederike wanted were, however, those of Ludwig Feuerbach, the philosopher, one of whose books, “The Essence of Christianity,” has been translated by George Eliot. Philosophical and astronomical works

were already the favorite studies of Friederike. She knew the great thinker also personally. He was the son of that same famed lawyer whose descendants all distinguished themselves in the learned or in the artistic world.

The examination of prisoners was wholly conducted in secret, and the cross-questions put to them often amounted to a positive intellectual torture. Sudden surprises of a theatrical kind were favorite means. In the midst of one of those inquisitorial procedures, the judge once abruptly took a green balze cloth from what I had believed to be a small side table. Instead of that, I saw a pane of glass unveiled, fixed with swinging hinges on a trestle. On the glass, the bits of Herr von Itzstein's letter were pasted, which I had thrown at Neustadt into the slop pail! The glass, being reversible, enabled one to read both sides of the shreds of paper.

I was thus to be taken unawares, and to be driven into a confession of the authorship of the letter. But rather than betray Itzstein, I would have undergone lifelong imprisonment or worse. The examining judge did not get anything from me by his stroke of cleverness. The torn fragments of the letter were fortunately so few, and their connection had become so undecipherable, that it was impossible to make them into an incriminating piece.

On another day I was suddenly confronted with Friederike. The pressure put upon her during the secret proceedings was such that at last she had been forced into a confession. She could not but repeat her avowal in my presence. I then took the whole responsibility upon myself. With a quieter mind, though well conscious of the position I now was in, I awaited the consequences.

We had been confronted but a few

minutes. I was then led back to my prison-mates, the murderer and the thief. The low, narrow cell, which I inhabited with them, had its outlook upon a small kitchen-garden and orchard. An apple-tree stood close to the wall, which was not very high. Often the thought struck me that friendly rescuers might easily, during a dark night, get upon that wall with a ladder, or even by standing upon each other's shoulders, and then use the tree for descending into the garden. If a file, or a watch-spring, perhaps hidden in the cover of a book, could be sent in, and a stealthy hint be given me by a visitor as to its hiding place, a probably successful attempt at breaking through the cross-bars might be made, the cell being on the first floor. As to Friederike, her release was now easily to be foreseen. Indeed, it came shortly afterwards.

Remarkably enough, I often thought, in the mood I was then in, of a trusty and bold university friend, young Schlöffel, the son of a prominent Silesian patriot and later member of the German National Assembly, and himself of the most advanced views. He, I imagined, might possibly occupy himself with such a venture. When at night there was a strange cracking noise in the branches of the apple-tree, I sometimes rapidly rose in the expectation of friendly help having come. None who has not gone through such experiences can imagine the strong hold which the idea of escape has, off and on, upon the mind of the captive, and how suddenly hope then grows—to be followed, perhaps, as quickly by deep despair. Between such musings, the plan of continuing a secret propaganda by pamphlets, if I were to escape, occupied me all the time. As Hans Sachs sings:—"The heart of man is like unto a mill."

At Frankenthal there appeared to be no watch kept, day or night, on

that side of the prison. Young Schlöfel, however, did not appear. Yet my thought of him was like a presentiment of what happened a little more than a year and a half afterwards. Then he actually came at the head of a body of rescuers, in the midst of a new revolution, in which the people and the army made common cause for upholding, against perjured princes, the constitution framed by the German Parliament. On that occasion, I, together with Gustav von Struve and Adalbert von Bornstedt, were freed, in the very nick of time; Struve and myself having, in the gray dawn of morning, been fetched from the casemates of Rastatt, where we had been kept eight months, to be transported to the Federal fortress of Mainz. Had we been brought there our fate would have been sealed.

The sentimental, nay, even the humorous element, which is seldom wanting in tragic events, also played its part in two cases at Frankenthal. The director's daughter, a good, sweet girl, when gathering vegetables or flowers in the garden, each time made a little nosegay, and, looking kindly through the bars of my cell, silently placed it on the window-sill for me, as a token of sympathy. The turnkey, knowing well who brought these floral gifts, never questioned me about them. Nor did the director, when I took such a bouquet with me into the courtyard. The cell of Friederike, I must here explain, was on the second story. It had its outlook upon the courtyard and upon an opposite building in which officials resided. That building had a gallery with creepers and other foliage round it, which in that autumn had turned into splendid purple-red and golden colors.

As the director had latterly let me walk about in the courtyard by myself, quite alone, I once espied such an opportunity. Seeing Friederike look

down from her window, I put a few lines of encouragement, which I had written, into the nosegay, and threw it up towards her window. Before doing so, I gave her to understand by signs that I conveyed a message.

She caught the flowers, read the message and rapidly secreted the paper, when in rushed a turnkey. He, after all, had seen, unobserved by me, that I had thrown a bouquet. Still, he was unaware of its concealed contents. Though fumbling about it, he did not find anything.

From that day the supervision of my walks in the courtyard was stricter. Occasionally, I had to be there with the common criminals, when a warder of specially grim and malicious aspect kept watch, in whom hatred of the human kind was written in every lineament of the face.

Early in November, after a more than two months' imprisonment, Friederike was released; the case against her being judicially dismissed. I was then put into another cell, this time with a young peasant who was charged with some minor offence. It was the cell from which Dr. Siebenpfeiffer, a distinguished patriotic leader in the 'thirties, had escaped in 1833. He had been accused of high treason on account of his participation in the great mass meeting at Hambach, but declared not guilty by the jury at Landau. Nevertheless he was kept in prison under pretence of his having committed some other political offence against officials. Under that charge he was condemned by judges nominated by the government, before a tribunal of Correctional Police, to two years' imprisonment! Such were the devices then of tyrannical kingship. Dr. Siebenpfeiffer made his escape, however, through the chimney. He reached Switzerland safely, where he received an appointment as professor at the University of Berne. The chim-

ney was thereupon so altered that escape through it became impossible.

In conversation with the director I was told now that my case would, no doubt, come before the Assizes at Zweibrücken. I mentally prepared myself for that eventuality, being resolved upon speaking before the jury in such a manner as to place the royal government, and all German kingship, in the position of the rightfully accused as enemies of the freedom and union of the German nation. Such attack, I fancied, would be the best defence; and perchance I would carry the jury with me. Great was my astonishment when one morning I was informed that the Chamber of Accusation had dismissed my case, too. I scarcely trusted my ears. I could only explain it, partly from strong sympathy with Liberal aspirations among the judicial body itself; partly—and most probably, in a higher degree—from a fear of Government lest the trial at Zweibrücken should, as in the case of Dr. Siebenpfeiffer and Dr. Wirth, end in a verdict of not guilty. Such an issue would certainly have been a public scandal—that is to say, for the authority of Government. A revolutionary spirit was already vaguely abroad; and such a scandal had to be avoided by all means.

Thus, strangely enough, I also became free in November. Having made a present of a book of poetry to the director's amiable daughter, with a dedication, and given a substantial gratification to, a warder who had proved very kind, I took a carriage and drove to Mannheim, where I arrived late at night at my father's house.

Great was the astonishment there when I so unexpectedly appeared. I then learnt that, after I had been arrested in the Palatinate an order had been given in Baden to search his house. So ridiculously severe was the

search that linen lying in a bucking tub was turned out, in order to see whether revolutionary pamphlets and such like things were not concealed in it. A very likely place, indeed! Shortly before leaving Mannheim for Dürkheim, I had, however, deposited all my belongings and manuscripts in the rooms of the friend who had given me Heinzen's pamphlets. This the police did not know.

Thinking of the possibility of a renewed domiciliary visit, I, in a fit of anger, destroyed all my manuscripts in the flames of the stove. Among them were a great number of poems of my school and university days. Many years afterwards, in the seventies, I learnt from one of my best university friends, the poet Ludwig Eichrodt, who occupied the post of a judge under the Grand Ducal Government, that he had preserved some of those early productions, and published several of them, without my knowledge, in his "*Hortus Deliciarum*" and in the "*Lahrer Kommersbuch*" for students. Others he gave, later on, in an anthology entitled "*Gold*." The responsibility for all this I must leave to him.

The three months' imprisonment had by no means cooled my zeal. An address to the Swiss Diet, as a congratulation for the victorious overthrow of the Sonderbund, was drawn up by me, and sent to Berne with numerous signatures. At the request of the editor of the *Mannheimer Abendzeitung*, the influential organ of the popular party, I went to Karlsruhe, where the Chambers were about to meet, there to edit a "*Parliamentary Gazette*" as a supplement, and to write commentaries on the course of affairs. In this way I became acquainted with all the chief leaders of the Opposition.

Soon I was to learn that a new sword of Damocles had been suspended over my head. An inquest was instituted against me on account of a

speech I had made in summer, before the arrest, in Rhenish Bavaria, at Heppenheim, during a festival of gymnastic associations. I had spoken there in an intimate circle, recommending our secret pamphlet propaganda, for which a small league of men had latterly met, at stated times, in the very town where the Federal Diet of Germany sat—namely, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. That league

was wholly composed of trusty friends, true as steel. At Heppenheim the circle had been widened a little; and there, manifestly, a traitor and informer slipped in. However, the outbreak of the Revolution in March, 1848, quashed this new prosecution for high treason. And now events followed with the rapidity of thunder and lightning, which presently cast the old state of things into the dust.

Cornhill Magazine.

Karl Blind.

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AN ARCADIAN CORNER.

Great undulating tracts of grass,  
With glimpses on the hazy wold  
Of leagues that every day amass  
A ruddier gold;

A soundlessness that nothing breaks,  
Save some blithe hind who in the nook  
Of a tall sheaf, awhile forsakes  
His reaping-hook;

For here old uses still obtain,  
Sickle and scythe the reapers ply,  
Still tasselled team and tilted wain  
Rejoice the eye;

As tho' Time yielding to its charms,  
Over this quaint, sequestered land  
Of slumberous field and dreamy farm  
Had stayed his hand,

Leaving it to this hour as free  
From innovation's touch profane,  
As much a cologn of Arcady,  
Of lass and swain,

As when his lyre Virgilian Gray  
Among the hamlet barrows swept,  
And Goldsmith in his tenderest lays  
"Sweet Auburn" wept.

The Speaker.

William Toynbee.

## THE CRUISE OF THE "DAISY."

Something, doubtless, akin to the contact of the naked soul with its God is the feeling of conscious nothingness that enwraps a man who finds himself alone in some tiny craft upon the unbroken circle of the sea. Even more so, perhaps, when he has a vessel under his feet than when he survives, upon some frail fabric of hastily gathered flotsam, the lost company of his fellows. For in the former case he has leisure for calm thought, need for skill and energy; none of which qualities will avail him much in the latter, where it is but a question of a little more or less firm hold upon fleeting life. To this conclusion I am led from experiences of both situations, about the former of which I would fain speak now.

As a result of a series of adventures while mate of an old Cumberland brig under the nominal command of one of the most besotted drunkards I have ever known, I found myself adrift in an Acadian coast village early in December, friendless and penniless. Already the icy barrier was rapidly forming which would effectually bar all navigation until the ensuing spring, and the thought of being thus frozen up in helpless idleness for months, coupled with the prospect of winter for my young wife in England without my support, was almost more than I could bear. Kismet threw in my way the commander, owner and builder of a tiny schooner, who, disgusted with his "bad luck," had freighted his cockleshell with the harvest of his farm, three hundred barrels of potatoes, and purposed sailing for the West Indies in order to sell vessel and cargo. Of ocean navigation he knew nothing, all his previous nautical experience having been confined to the rugged coasts of Nova

Scotia, so that he was highly elated at the idea of engaging a mate with a London certificate. Not that he would have hesitated to launch out into the Atlantic without any other knowledge than he possessed, without chronometer, sextant, or ephemeris. Like many of the old school of seafarers, now perhaps quite extinct, he would have reckoned upon finding his way to port in time by asking from ship to ship sighted on the passage, for he was in no hurry. I was in no mood for bargaining—a way of escape was my urgent need—and in a few hours from our meeting we were busily rowing the wee craft down the fast emptying river. The crew consisted of the skipper, his ten-year old son, myself, and a gawky, half-witted lad of sixteen, who strutted under the title of cook. Bitter, grinding poverty was manifest in every detail of our equipment, principally in the provisions, which consisted solely of a barrel of flour, a small tub of evil-smelling meat (source unknown), and a keg of salt flavored with a few herrings. Of course, there was the cargo, and the skipper concealed, moreover, under his pillow a few ounces of tea, about three pounds of wet sugar in an oozing bag, and a bottle of "square" gin. "Medical comforts," he explained, with an air of knowing what ought to be carried on a deep-water voyage.

For the first hundred miles we groped our way through fantastic wreaths of frost-fog, its dense whiteness enclosing us like a wall, and its pitiless embrace threatening to freeze the creeping blood in our veins, while, invisible, the angry currents of the fiercest tideway in the world bubbled beneath us like a witch's cauldron, whose steam was fluid ice, after whirling us top-wise in defiance of wind and helm. Strange

noises assailed our ears, and a feeling of uncertain suspension, as though sailing in the clouds, possessed our benumbed faculties. But, as if guided by an instinctive sense of direction, the skipper succeeded in fetching the New Brunswick shore, entering Musquash Harbor without hesitation, and anchoring a scant bowshot from the frozen strand. Wasting no time, very precious now, we landed, restoring our feeble circulation by felling a large number of beautiful young silver birches, which, like regular ranks of glittering ghosts, stood thickly everywhere. Our sea-stock of fuel provided, we broke up the armor-plated covering of ice over a swiftly-flowing streamlet, and filled our solitary water-cask, an irksome task, since the water froze as we poured. With enormous difficulty we shipped these essentials, and in all haste weighed again, and stole seaward into the gathering gloom. Night brought a bitter gale, whose direction barely enabled us to creep under a tiny triangle of canvas towards the narrow portals of the Bay of Fundy. The flying spray clung to masts and rigging, clothing them with many layers of ice, till each slender spar and rope gleamed huge above our heads through the palpable dark. The scanty limits of the deck became undistinguishable from the levels of an iceberg, to which offspring of the sombre North our little craft was rapidly becoming akin. Below in the stuffy square den the "cook" continually fed the ancient stove with crackling birchwood, and made successive kettlesful of boiling burnt-bread coffee, while the half-frozen skipper and his mate relieved each other every half-hour for a brief thaw. In such wise we reached a sheltered nook behind Cape Sable, anchoring in a culminating blizzard of snow, and feeling instantly to the steaming shelter below. Outside our frail shell the tempest howled unceasingly throughout

the long, long night. When the bleak morning broke, the little ship was perched precariously, like some crippled sea-bird, upon three pinnacles of rock. The sea had retreated from us for nearly a mile, and all the grim secrets of its iron bed lay revealed under the cold, gray dawn. Overhead hung gigantic icicles, like sheaves of spears from the massive white pillars that concealed our identity with man's handiwork, and at imminent risk we must needs break them down in order to move the vessel when the intruding flood should again set her free. Presently it came, a roaring, yellow mass of broken water, laden with all the varied *débris* of that awful coast. But we were ready for it, and by strenuous toil managed to get into a safe anchorage.

Seven short days and long, ghastly nights we lay there waiting a chance to escape. Christmas came and went, bringing with it bitter thoughts of home, but no word was spoken on the subject. The skipper's little son lay feverishly tossing in the delirium of measles, his father's face an impenetrable mask, but whether of stoicism or stolidity I could not tell. At last the wind softened, changed its direction, and breaking up the gloomy pall of cloud, allowed a few pale gleams of sun to peep through, welcome as sight to the blind. Scrambling ashore, we cut down a widespreading young spruce-tree, and, after a struggle of two hours, succeeded in getting it on board with all its matted branches intact. Then, tearing out the anchor in a fury of energy and desire to be gone, we stood to the southward with our strange deck-load. A few short hours, and what a change! As if under the breath of some kindly angel, the ice and snow melted from around us, the pleasant thrill of expanding life returned. It was no new miracle, only the sweet influence of that mild but mighty ocean river, the Gulf Stream, into whose beneficent

bosom we had crept like a strayed and perishing child. How we revelled in the genial warmth. With what delight we bathed our stiffened limbs in those tepid waters, feeling life and comfort surge back to us as if from their very source.

Just a little while for recovery, and then round swung the wind again. The dismal curtains of the sky were drawn, and the melancholy monotone of the advancing storm wailed through our scanty rigging. Right across the path of the great stream it blew, catching the waves in their stately march, and tearing their crests furiously backward. Fiercer and louder howled the gale, while the bewildered sea, irresistibly borne north-eastward by the current and scourged southward by the ever-increasing storm, rose in pyramidal heaps which fell all ways, only their blinding spray flying steadfastly to leeward. In that welter of conflicting elements, whence even the birds had fled, we were tossed like any other bubble of the myriads bursting around. Sall was useless to steady her, for the towering billows becalmed it; neither dared we risk our only canvas blowing away. So when it appeared that there was a little more truth in the trend of the sea we moored the cable to the trunk of our tree and cast it overboard. And to that strangely transformed plant we rode as to a floating anchor,

The Spectator.

held up head to sea, save when the persistent swell rose astern in a knoll of advancing water, and hurled us three hundred fathoms forward in a breath. Nine weary watches of four hours each did I stand by the useless wheel, breathlessly eyeing the tigerish leap of each monstrous wave until it swept by, leaving us still alive. Yet while the skipper stood his watch I slept, serenely oblivious of the fearful strife without. So bravely, loyally did the little "Daisy" behave, that hope rose steadily, until just as the parting clouds permitted a ray of moonlight to irradiate the tormented sea, there was a sudden change in her motion. As if worn out by the unequal strife, she fell off into the sea-trough, a mountain of black water towered above her, and in one unbearable uproar she disappeared. Blinded and battered out of all sense, I knew no more until I found myself clinging to the wheel with a grip that left indented bruises all over my arms. She had survived, and, as if in admiration for her vallant fight, the sea fell and left her safe. The tree-trunk had been sawn right through, but its work was done.

Beneath pleasant skies we plodded southward to our destined port, arriving uneventfully at Antigua after a passage of thirty-five days.

Frank T. Bullen.

### THE DUEL.\*

We were stationed at the small city of Kichinev. Every one knows the life of an officer of the line. Theory and drill in the morning; dinner at the quarters of the commandant or at a Jewish inn; punch and cards in the

evening. Not a house in Kichinev was open to us. We held our social gatherings at one another's quarters, where we saw nothing except uniforms.

There was one civilian among us. He was but thirty-five years old and

\* Translated for The Living Age by H. Twitchell.

we all accorded him the respect due to his age. His experience gave him a great advantage over us; moreover, his stern, gloomy disposition and his caustic mode of expression made a lively impression on our young minds. A mystery enveloped his life; he seemed to be a Russian, but his name was foreign. He had formerly served in the hussars, not without honor; no one knew what had induced him to resign and come to reside in this little city where he led a life which was at the same time frugal and extravagant. He always went about on foot, wearing a thread-bare black coat, but his table was open to all the officers of our regiment. The dinners consisted of a few dishes prepared by a retired soldier, but champagne flowed like a river. No one knew the amount of his fortune or of his income and no one dared ask him.

His chief exercise was shooting; the walls of his room were fairly honey-combed with bullet holes. A valuable collection of pistols constituted the sole luxury of the shabby *masanka* in which he lived. He had acquired marvellous skill; if he had proposed to shoot the pompon from any of our kepis, not one of us would have hesitated to offer his head.

Our conversation frequently turned on the subject of duelling. Sylvie (the name by which I shall call him) never took any part in it on these occasions. When asked whether he had ever engaged in a duel, he replied that he had, without entering into any details; it was evident that such questions were disagreeable to him. We all fancied that he had on his conscience the remembrance of some victim of his deadly skill. It never occurred to us to suspect him of cowardice. There are persons whose faces alone prevent any such suspicions. An event occurred however which made a lively impression on us all.

One day about a dozen officers of our regiment dined with Sylvie. We drank heavily, as usual. After dinner we asked our host to be our banker at play. At first he refused, having never gambled. Finally, he took the cards, threw down fifty ducats on the table and sat down to hold the stakes.

We gathered around him, and soon the sport became animated. During the game Sylvie preserved an absolute silence, not making the slightest observation. We at once noticed this and allowed him to proceed in his own fashion. Among us was an officer who had been recently transferred to Kichinev. In the course of the game he carelessly folded over one corner more than he had intended. Sylvie took the chalk and, as usual, marked down a sum indicated by the number of corners bent over. Thinking the banker was mistaken, the officer began making explanations. Sylvie made no reply. Losing his temper, the man took the brush and effaced the figure he considered wrong. Sylvie at once replaced it. Excited by wine, play and the smiles of his comrades, the officer saw in this a deadly insult. Seizing a copper candle-stick which stood on the table, he threw it at Sylvie, who barely succeeded in dodging it.

We were all dumb with amazement. Sylvie rose, pale with fury, his eyes shining, and said to the offender: "Leave at once, sir, and thank heaven that this has happened in my house."

We had not the least doubt as to what the consequences of the affair would be; we all considered our new comrade a dead man. The officer left, declaring his readiness to give satisfaction to the banker. The game continued for a time; but we felt that our host had lost his interest. We soon took our leave and separated after exchanging a few remarks.

The next day at drill, we were won-

dering whether the lieutenant was still alive, when he appeared in our midst. We all asked him the same question; he replied that he had heard nothing from Sylvie.

That struck us as being strange. We went to our friend's house and found him putting ball after ball in an ace tacked up on the carriage entrance. He received us as usual without making the slightest allusion to the event of the evening before.

Three days passed; the lieutenant was still alive. We said to one another in astonishment: "Can it be possible that Sylvie does not intend to fight?"

He did not fight; he contented himself with a brief explanation instead. This affair lowered him greatly in our estimation. A lack of courage is the last thing young men can pardon, accustomed as they are to considering bravery the chief quality a man can possess, one that excuses him for all other faults. By degrees, however, everything was forgotten, and Sylvie regained his former prestige.

I, alone, could not renew my intimacy with him. Possessing a romantic imagination, I had been attached more strongly than the others to this man whose life was such an enigma and who seemed to be the hero of some mysterious drama. On his side, he returned my affection; at least, with me alone he dropped his curtness of manner and speech, conversing with me on different subjects with affability and rare charm.

But after that unfortunate evening, the idea that his honor had been stained and had not been cleansed haunted me and prevented me from treating him with my former cordiality. He was too shrewd and experienced not to notice this and to divine its cause. He seemed pained, and I noticed that on several occasions he tried to converse with me; I always went

away, and thus avoided any explanation.

Inhabitants of large towns have no idea of many sensations which are familiar to those who live in villages, such as waiting for the mail, for instance. Tuesdays and Fridays, the office of the regiment was filled with men; some were waiting for money, others for letters and papers. Generally these were opened at once and their contents communicated to the rest. Sylvie had his letters addressed to our regiment and came regularly for his mail. One day he was handed a letter, whose seal he broke with marked indifference. I was watching him and, as he ran through its contents, his eyes fairly blazed. After he had finished, he turned to us and said: "Gentlemen, I am compelled by circumstances to take a long journey. I must leave to-night, and I hope you will not refuse to dine with me for the last time. I shall expect you, too," he said, turning to me; "do not fail to come."

I reached his house that evening at the appointed hour and found all the other officers already present. His trunks were all packed; and nothing was to be seen on the bare walls except bullet-holes. We sat down at the table. Our host was in the gayest of humors, and soon every one was in mirthful mood. Corks flew about and choice wines foamed and sparkled in our glasses; every one wished our host a pleasant journey and success in his undertakings. As I was about to take my leave after the others, Sylvie seized my hand and said gently: "I want to speak with you alone."

I remained. We sat down and silently lighted our pipes. He was in a serious mood, no trace of his feverish gayety being visible. His pale face and blazing eyes, seen through the dense smoke, made him appear like a veritable demon.

After a few moments had passed he broke the silence.

"It is quite possible that we shall never see each other again," he said; "before leaving you I should like to explain some things to you. You have doubtless noticed how little I care for the opinions of others; with you it is different. I like you, and it would be painful to me to leave unjust prejudices in your mind."

He paused and occupied himself with his pipe. I sat silent, looking down on the floor.

"You thought it strange that I did not demand satisfaction of that drunken officer. You knew that, having the choice of arms, I should hold his life in my hands, while mine would not be endangered. I might claim honor for my moderation and my magnanimity, but I do not wish to lie. If I could have punished him without exposing my own life, worthless as it is, I should never have forgiven him."

I looked at him in amazement; such a confession overwhelmed me. He continued:

"To tell the truth, I have not the right to expose myself to death. Six years ago I was struck in the face and my enemy is still alive."

My curiosity was now keenly excited.

"So you did not fight. Circumstances doubtless separated you."

"We fought, and here is the souvenir of the duel."

He rose, and opening a box, took from it a red hat with gilt trimmings. He put it on and I could see that it was pierced with a hole just above the rim.

"You know I once served in a hussar regiment. My disposition is also well known to you. I am accustomed to leading; in my younger days, my desire for domination amounted to a passion. Violence was the fashion then, and I was the worst subject in

the army. There were nothing but duels in our regiment, and I always took part in them, either as a participant or as a second. My comrades adored me and my superior officers, who were constantly being changed, looked upon me as a necessary evil.

"I was peacefully enjoying my fame, when a young man of rich and noble family entered our regiment. Never in my life had I seen such aggressive happiness. Picture to yourself youth, intelligence, beauty, the most unbridled joyousness, the most insolent courage, a great name, money without end, and you will have an idea of the ascendancy he had among us. My supremacy was in great danger. Dazzled by my splendor, he tried to win my friendship; I received him coldly and he left me in anger. I now began to hate him. His success in the regiment and among women plunged me in despair. I tried to quarrel with him; he met my epigrams with more cutting ones in the style of jests, refusing to take me seriously. One night at a ball given by a Polish farmer, beside myself at seeing him the object of the attention of the ladies, especially of the mistress of the house, whom I fancied, I whispered a coarse remark in his ear. He turned around and slapped me on the cheek. We drew our swords; the women fainted; we were separated, but that very night we met in a duel.

"It was barely daylight; I was on the spot designated early with my three seconds, waiting for my adversary with an inexplicable impatience.

"Finally I saw him approaching, accompanied by a single man. He came forward slowly, holding his hat, which was full of wild cherries. The seconds measured off twelve feet. I was to fire first; I trembled so in my anger that I doubted the steadiness of my hand; to gain time to collect myself, I offered him my turn. He refused to take it,

and we finally decided to settle it by lot. Fate was on the side of this favorite of happiness. He fired, and his bullet passed through my hat.

"It was now my turn. His life was at last in my hands. I looked at him searchingly, trying to discover a trace of fear in his countenance. But he stood there at the very mouth of my revolver, selecting ripe cherries and spitting out the pits, which flew up to my very feet.

"What is the use," I thought, "of taking his life, when he values it so lightly?"

"An evil thought passed through my brain. I lowered my revolver.

"This is not the time to kill you," I said. "You seem anxious to eat your breakfast and I do not care to prevent you from doing so."

"You are not preventing me in the least," he replied; "but do as you please; I am at your service at any time."

"I told my seconds that I did not intend to fire that day, and the affair ended. I resigned soon after and came here to live. Since then, not a day has passed without my thinking of my vengeance. To-day, my time has come."

He took a letter from his pocket and handed it to me to read. Some one, his business agent, doubtless, wrote to him from Moscow that the *person in question* was about to marry a beautiful young woman.

"You can guess," said Sylvie, "who the *person in question* is. I am going to Moscow. We will see whether on the eve of his marriage he will face death with the same indifference as before, with his cherries."

At these words Sylvie threw the hat down on the floor and began pacing up and down the room like a caged tiger. I sat motionless. Strange and contradictory emotions filled my breast.

A servant soon appeared and an-

nounced that the horses were ready. Sylvie pressed my hand and we bade each other farewell.

## II.

Several years passed away. Family affairs compelled me to settle down in the small hamlet of the district of N—. Here I constantly regretted my former life, which had been so exciting and so easy. The long evenings of winter and spring weighed upon me especially. I did not know what to do with myself. The few books found in the closets and the garret were soon learned by heart. All the stories my housekeeper could remember had been told over and over. I drank raw alcohol, but it gave me the headache; besides, I will confess, I feared becoming a drunkard through chagrin; that is one of the worst sort, as I saw them about me in the district.

I had no near neighbors, except a few queer characters whose conversation consisted mostly of sighs and hiccoughs. I decided to go to bed as early as possible after having dined late, and thus shorten the night.

Four versts from my habitation was a valuable estate, belonging to the Countess B—. Her overseer lived on it alone; she had been there but once, for a month, soon after her marriage. The second year of my hermit life the rumor spread about that the Countess was coming with her husband to spend the summer. They arrived in June.

The advent of important neighbors is quite an event in rural neighborhoods. It is talked of for months before and for years afterwards. As for myself, I will confess that the coming of a young and beautiful woman interested me greatly; I was anxious to see her; the first Sunday after their arrival, I went to call on their highnesses as their nearest neighbor and most humble servant.

A lackey ushered me into the Count's

study, then went to announce me. The spacious apartment was luxuriously furnished; unaccustomed as I had been for a long time to the sight of anything like luxury, I lost my courage and tremblingly awaited the Count's coming.

The door at last opened, and a good-looking man of about thirty-two entered. It was the Count; he greeted me in a cordial, affable manner. We sat down and his easy conversation soon reassured me. I had nearly regained my composure when the entrance of the Countess plunged me into fresh confusion. She was a very beautiful woman; the Count presented me; I tried to affect ease, but the greater my effort, the greater did my embarrassment become. To give me time to collect myself, they addressed their remarks to each other, while I walked about looking at the books and pictures. As I know little about painting, one picture only attracted my attention. It represented some view in Switzerland. It was not the picture which struck me, but the fact that the canvas was pierced by two bullet-holes in almost the identical spot.

"That was a good shot," I remarked to the count.

"Yes," he replied; "it was a very remarkable shot. Do you shoot well?" he inquired after a pause.

"Passably," I replied, delighted at seeing the conversation turn on a subject with which I was familiar. "At thirty paces, I should not expect to miss a card."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Countess with an air of marked attention. "Do you think you could do as well?" she inquired, turning to her husband.

"I am sure I could not," replied the Count. "I was not a bad shot once; but I have not touched a pistol for four years."

"In that case, I would wager that you would miss at even twenty paces;

it requires daily practise to be able to shoot well. The best shot I ever knew practised every day regularly."

"How well could he shoot?" asked the Count.

"This was how well. When he saw a fly on the wall—you are smiling, Countess, but I am telling the truth—he would exclaim: 'My pistol, Kouzeka!' Kouzeka would bring the pistol and he would bury the fly in the wall."

"That was indeed marvellous. What was the man's name?"

"Sylvie."

"Sylvie!" exclaimed the Count, rising abruptly. "Did you know him?"

"We were the best of friends. In my regiment we considered him a comrade, a brother almost. I have not heard of him for five years. Did you know him, too?"

"Yes, I knew him too well. Did he never tell you of a certain singular affair?"

"About a blow he received at a ball from an impudent fellow?"

"Did he mention any name?"

"He did not. Ah, I suspect the truth—I beg your pardon,—was it you?"

"It was," replied the Count, greatly agitated; "that picture bears witness of our last meeting."

"Do not tell that dreadful story, I beg of you," said the Countess.

"I must," replied her husband. "Our guest knows how I insulted his friend. He ought to know how Sylvie avenged himself."

He motioned me to an easy chair and, greatly affected, he began his story:

"I was married five years ago. We passed the first month of the honeymoon here in the country. One evening we went out for a ride on horseback. My wife's horse rearing, she became frightened and returned home on foot. I led her horse back and reached the house ahead of her. On coming up, I saw a travelling carriage

in the court; I was told that some one was waiting for me in my study; the visitor had not given his name, merely saying that he wished to see me. I entered the room and, in the twilight saw a man covered with dust, standing near the mantel.

"Do you recognize me?" he asked in a trembling tone.

"Sylvie!" I exclaimed, feeling my hair rise on my head.

"It is I," he replied. "I have come to take my turn. Are you ready?"

"He took a pistol out of his pocket as he spoke. I measured off a dozen paces and took my place in that corner, begging him to fire before my wife should come in. He proceeded leisurely and asked for candles. They were brought, and I closed the door, forbidding any one to enter; again I asked him to hasten.

"He took aim; I counted the seconds and thought of my wife. A frightful moment followed; Sylvie dropped his arm and said: 'I regret that this pistol is not loaded with cherry-stones. The ball is heavy. I am not accustomed to firing at an unarmed adversary; it seems more like murder than a duel. Let us begin all over again. We will decide by lot who is to fire first.'

"My head swam; I believe I refused. Finally, we loaded another pistol and put two tickets in a hat. Again I drew number one.

"The luck of hell is on your side, Count," said Sylvie, with a smile which I shall never forget.

"I do not know how I was finally persuaded, but I tried first and hit that picture. Then Sylvie was terrible to look upon; he aimed at me. Suddenly the door opened; Macha rushed in and threw herself on my

neck with a scream. The sight of her took away my courage.

"My darling," I exclaimed, 'don't you see that we are only jesting? How frightened you are! Go and get a glass of water, then come back and I will present my old friend and comrade to you.'

"She did not believe me.

"Is what my husband says true?" she said, addressing Sylvie.

"Your husband always jests," he replied. "Once he slapped me in a jest; he sent a bullet through my hat in a jest; just now, he missed his aim at me, still in jest. Now, I should like a little pleasantry in my turn."

He then aimed at me—before her! She threw herself at his feet.

"Rise at once, Macha," I cried, entirely beside myself: 'and you, sir, cease torturing a poor woman. Will you fire or not?'

"I will not," replied the strange man; 'I have seen your anxiety, your fear, and I have forced you to fire at me; that is enough; I am satisfied; I will leave you with your conscience.'

"He went at once to the door; pausing on the threshold, he looked at the picture my bullet had pierced, then fired at the hole almost without taking aim; my wife had fainted; my domestics had not dared to stop him. He called his coachman and was driven rapidly away."

The Count ceased speaking. I had just heard the end of a story whose beginning had made such an impression upon me.

I never again saw the hero of this strange tale. It was rumored that he commanded a detachment of troops during the revolt of Alexandre Ipsilanti and was killed at the battle of Skoulana.

*Alex. Pushkin.*

## A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Mark Edmondson did not wear his heart on his sleeve, but he started as his eye caught a bill on the notice-board outside Bow Street Police Station. It was headed, in black, aggressive capitals, "Murder," and it contained the usual vile reproduction of a photograph—a photograph for which he would, in the days when he cultivated a moustache and small "side-blinds," have passed as the original. The portrait was astonishingly like the Mark Edmondson of three years ago.

His companion noticed his momentary surprise, and, following his glance, thought that the cause was the announcement as a whole. "You're not George Dixon, wanted for the Plymouth murder, are you?" he asked, jocularly. "If you are, I'd better arrest you at once."

"No; I've done nothing yet to make the police or the public interested in my features," said Edmondson carelessly. "The fact is, Mr. Dobson,"—he paused for a moment, and then continued, obviously as the result of second thoughts—"I once knew a face remarkably like that villainous visage."

Looking again at the bill, he followed Inspector Dobson into the police-station. After jotting down in his note-book a few details of an arrest, he hurried down to the Comet office in Fleet Street, and was soon closeted with his editor.

"I've just hit on a scheme for proving how grossly incompetent our detectives are," he began.

"Yes?" observed the chief calmly. He was not prone to fall into raptures over his young men's feats in eccentric journalism. Although he was then publishing a series of scathing

articles on the administration of Scotland Yard—sensational "copy" was uncommonly scarce—he listened with much the same air that he would have assumed if the reporter had asked for an increase of salary.

Edmondson then related how surprised he had been on seeing the Plymouth murderer's portrait. "Now," he proceeded, "what I propose is this: Suppose I go to Clarkson's, get made up as Dixon—that won't be a very difficult matter—and ramble about for a few hours, shoving myself right under the very nose of the police. The chances are that nobody will identify me as the wanted man. If I am not pulled up—well, that will be another proof of the incapacity of the detective force. If, on the other hand, I should be arrested, I can easily regain my liberty by throwing off all disguise and explaining that I wanted 'copy.' In any case I can do a personal-experience article."

"All right," said the editor, turning to his desk. "Take the thing in hand at once."

The reporter left the office in a complacent mood. He thought he saw his way to creating a sensation. Returning to Bow Street, he carefully perused the description of the murderer, and then walked over to Wellington Street and plunged straightway into Clarkson's. When he came out again, he was a fac-simile of Dixon, as well as of his former self.

As he walked along the Strand he surveyed the reflection of his figure in shop windows with increasing delight; but when he reached Charing Cross he tried to place himself in the position of the hunted man. First, he circled Trafalgar Square, thence making his way leisurely to Hyde Park

Corner. Then he perambulated Regent Street for half an hour. All the while he looked every constable he met straight in the face, and favored those whom he imagined to be "Yard men" with a prolonged stare. But, much to his disgust, they took no more notice of him than of any other unit of London's millions.

"The idiots!" he mentally exclaimed, as he skirted Leicester Square. "A murderer might walk about in broad daylight for a whole week without being arrested."

When he again arrived at Charing Cross he hardly knew what to do. So far his ramble had been productive of hardly any incident. There had not, indeed, been a single event worth a couple of lines of "copy." And yet he was tired of masquerading as a murderer. Should he return to the office, or was it worth while to prowl about for another hour? As he stood on the curb, disappointed and irresolute, a hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and simultaneously a voice whispered in his ear, "Mr. Dixon."

Edmondson's heart throbbed violently as he wheeled round. "At last!" he exclaimed. "So you *have* found me, then?"

The owner of the hand was a shabbily-dressed man, whom the reporter had not, to his knowledge, ever seen before. His whole air was mysterious, and he glanced furtively from right to left, as if desirous that the attention of passers-by should not be attracted. "Not a word," he said warningly, raising a very dirty forefinger.

"Oh, I know all about that," returned Edmondson airily. "Your wushup, I cautioned the prisoner, etc."

"Recognized you in a moment, but I've only just seen you," went on the stranger, hurriedly; and, thrusting something into Edmondson's breast-

pocket, he instantly darted away, and was quickly swallowed up in the flowing tide of humanity.

The reporter was for some moments too much astonished to move or speak; he could only gaze after the man open-mouthed. What did it mean? Here he had been practically caught only to be let go again! Ah, what was in his pocket? It was an envelope, sealed but unaddressed. Hastily tearing it open, he found inside a short note:—

Tuesday.

Shall have the money for you on Thursday night. Will be at St. Pancras in time for you to catch the midnight train to L'pool.

Instantly a flood of light dawned on him. He had been mistaken for the murderer, not by a detective, but by an emissary of the man's friends, who were assisting him to fly from England! Doubtless the fugitive was then in town, and should have been at Charing Cross at about the time he (Edmondson) was there.

"Was there ever such a coincidence—or such luck?" thought the reporter. "Anything more extraordinary I never heard of. Why, this little adventure will be worth no end of 'copy.' I must find Dobson."

Hailing a cab, he drove to Scotland Yard, and, giving a constable one of his own cards, asked to see Inspector Dobson. He was shown into a small room, and presently that gentleman entered. When he caught sight of his visitor he seemed not a little perplexed, glancing two or three times with knitted brows from Edmondson's face to the bit of pasteboard.

The reporter burst into deep-chested laughter. "It's all right," he said. Then he told the detective of his quest for "copy" and its wholly unexpected result. "Here is the letter," he con-

cluded, pulling from his pocket the note given to him at Charing Cross, "and, unless I am greatly mistaken, it will lead to the arrest of the Plymouth murderer.

Inspector Dobson read and reread the message, smiling massively the while. "Capital!" he exclaimed.

"Isn't it?" asked the reporter, gleefully. "It gives the whole thing away."

"Just so," said the Inspector. "And you've put us in for a smart capture by a plan to show us up! By the way, what are you going to do about your article now?"

"That depends upon circumstances," responded Edmondson cautiously.

The detective looked at the note. "Tuesday." It is now Thursday; so he's going to cut down to Liverpool to-night."

"To think of his taking the high-road to America!" said Edmondson, with scorn. "He couldn't have a dog's chance of getting through in any circumstances. What an ass he must be!"

"Criminals of his class generally are," said the detective sententiously. "What about to-night?" he queried, abruptly. "You'll turn up at St. Pancras?"

"Certainly."

"Do so, by all means," said the Inspector. "You'll have a big sensation to-morrow. I'll meet you outside the station, opposite the clock-tower, at half-past eleven—no, say a quarter past."

Shortly after eleven o'clock the reporter was at the appointed place of meeting. Inspector Dobson was not there, nor did he put in an appearance at the quarter-hour. Edmondson

paced to and fro, fuming with impatience and frequently glancing at the clock, till the hands indicated that in ten minutes the express to the north would start on its long journey. Still there was no sign of the detective. The reporter, his mind teeming with a thousand forebodings, then strolled up to the departure platform. Beginning at the guard's van, he walked from end to end of the midnight train, looking in every compartment; but, to his bitter chagrin, he could not see anybody in the least like his mental portrait of the Plymouth murderer. Scarcely had he reached the engine than there was a banging of carriage-doors, a waving of lamps, a mellow whistle, and then the train moved out of the station.

"Confound it!" muttered Edmondson, as he watched the red light on the rear van grow fainter and fainter. "Neither Dobson nor the murderer here. What's happened now?"

The question remained unanswered till the following morning, when the pressman found on his desk a letter from Inspector Dobson:—

"Our detectives," wrote that gentleman, "may be 'asleep' (Comet, August 14), but they are sufficiently wide-awake to hoax some enterprising but credulous journalists. By accident I saw you go into a certain establishment this morning, and I also saw you—though not by accident—come out again. I had you watched, soon gether, I had you watched, soon guessed your game, and proved that I was right by means of the letter you received. I hope you were not seriously inconvenienced by your journey to St. Pancras last night."

*T. W. Wilkinson.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The centenary of Balzac's birth, which falls on the twentieth of May next year, will be celebrated with various festivities at Paris.

It is not generally known that "Sarah Tytler" is only a pen name. The author's true name is Henrietta Keddie, and she lives at Oxford, England.

Henry Seton Merriman's story "In Kedar's Tents," which the readers of *The Living Age* remember pleasantly, has been translated into French and German.

The Queen of Italy, like Queen Victoria, is an indefatigable diarist, and she is said to have been lately revising some of her old papers with a view to publication.

The long-lost and recently-discovered Greek poet Bacchylides is the subject of a critical commentary by Professor Jebb, which is soon to be published by the Cambridge University Press.

The Cambridge University Press has in preparation a hitherto unknown apocryphal book of the Old Testament, "The Story of Ahikar and His Nephew Nadab," to which reference is made in the Book of Tobit. The manuscript is said to have been discovered by Mrs. Lewis in Syria.

Mr. George Meredith has written a novel called "The Journalist," which he is withholding from publication because it contains portraits of men still living, whom the author is unwilling to run the risk of pain. That is a scruple which disciples of the new-

yellow-school of journalism will find it hard to comprehend.

Mr. Bernard Hamilton is a novelist who deserves well of his readers, for his consideration, if for nothing more. Having written a novel of more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand words, he kindly accompanies it with hints to the readers as to what parts can be judiciously skipped. The novel is called "The Light."

Sir Herbert Maxwell, whose name is pleasantly familiar to the readers of *The Living Age* as the author of "Odd Volumes" and other charming essays, has undertaken to write a *Life of Wellington*, somewhat on the lines of Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson," and designed to be a companion volume to that work.

The revived interest in "The Three Musketeers" has suggested to an English publishing house the issue of an English edition of the "Memoirs d'Artagnan," upon which Dumas drew in writing his great romance. This is said to be the first time that the Memoirs have been completely and accurately translated into English.

Under the apt title "From Sunset Ridge" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers), Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has collected poems which she has written during the last thirty or forty years. The place of honor is given, naturally, to her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Among the other verses are songs of home and the home affections, personal tributes, and moral and religious reflections, which are characterized by simplicity of expression and sincere feeling.

Rudyard Kipling's reputation in prose and verse has been made with almost meteoric suddenness. He is not yet quite thirty-three years old, and his first published volume, "Departmental Ditties," appeared only twelve years ago. Of the American edition of his latest book, "The Day's Work," (Doubleday & McClure, publishers) twenty five thousand copies were ordered in two weeks.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Annals of the House of Blackwood" is to be continued by the publication of a third volume, which brings the history of the house down to the death of Mr. John Blackwood in 1879. This volume is written by Mr. Blackwood's daughter, Mrs. Gerald Porter, and its interest is enhanced by numerous personal reminiscences of George Elliot, Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray and other authors whose writings bore the Blackwood imprint.

As gratifying evidence of the perennial freshness of Miss Austen's novels, Andrew Lang mentions the fact that "Northanger Abbey" is now appearing in a great French newspaper; and he remarks of Miss Austen:—

Nobody makes a to-do about Miss Austen's private life and adventures—only her genius endures. We are not troubled with disquisitions about her relations. Her miniatures live like Cooper's; her mirth is as immortal as that of Cervantes; her characters are household memories.

The scene of Gilbert Parker's latest story, "The Battle of the Strong," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers), shifts from the Isle of Jersey to France, and the time is during the wars of La Vendée. The author disavows for the book all claim to be considered an historical novel; but his coloring is so true and vivid, and the struggles of those stirring times are

so strongly portrayed that the title would not be misapplied. The qualities which drew so many interested readers to "The Seats of the Mighty" are fully displayed in this later romance.

The Academy makes note of the fact that, although the number of high-priced books in the lists of English publishers this season is phenomenal, one class of expensive books is hardly represented at all. The *éditions de luxe* of popular novels by writers of the day, which were much in evidence a few years ago, are now wholly wanting. The illustrator and decorator are busy on the works of standard authors, but the public, if its taste is accurately gauged by the publishers, does not care to lavish its money upon costly editions of modern novels. That is evidence of good taste.

Pope's line, "The proper study of mankind is man," is modified nowadays to read that the proper study of mankind is children. The prevailing interest in that subject has suggested to Louise E. Hogan the thought of observing closely and recording minutely every recognizable mental process of a particular child, from the age of three months to his eighth year. These observations, embellished with several hundred reproductions of the drawings of the child studied, are published in a volume entitled "A Study of a Child" (Harper & Bros., publishers). It is a novel and suggestive compilation, whose obvious fidelity gives it value.

England seems to have entered upon a new epoch of cheap magazines of enormous circulation. The new Harmsworth Magazine, which has been advanced to a circulation of three quarters of a million through an ingeniously conducted controversy

with the periodical dealers, is to have a rival in *The Royal Magazine*, which starts with a circulation of a million, and like the *Harmsworth*, sells at threepence. Still another threepenny magazine is talked of; and a new six-penny reprint of standard novels is having a large sale. Good literature at low prices will crowd the "penny dreadfuls" rather hard.

Under the somewhat ungracious title, "Very Thin Hawthorne," *The Academy* reviews a volume of "Biographical Stories," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, from the press of a London publisher. *The Academy* speaks of twelve years having elapsed since the first issue of these stories; but it is in error there, for they are to be found in the collected edition of Hawthorne's writings, which James R. Osgood & Co. published as long ago as 1876. They had a proper place in that edition, as necessary to its completeness; but why a London publisher should think fit to revive them now, and send them out alone, without any word of explanation, it is difficult to understand.

It has been judicially decided that a mere title is not protected by copyright. The perplexity of authors in the search for new titles, especially of books of fiction, is often distressing; and it has more than once happened that a title has been changed after a book was well advanced toward publication, upon the discovery that an earlier book bore the same title. A curious coincidence in titles is to be noticed this season. *The Living Age* of Nov. 5 contained an extract from Miss Johnston's "Prisoners of Hope," a striking American story, with an historical setting. At the same time, the English literary weeklies were reviewing another "Prisoners of Hope," written by Constance Smith, and published by a London house. This, however, is

a story of the extremely modern type, with bicycling, skirt-dancing, cigarette-smoking heroines.

Personal experience, intimate association, and a sympathy too deep and true to admit of the slightest traces of condescension give to Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff's studies of wage-earners exceptional value and interest. The second volume of "The Workers" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers) narrates Mr. Wyckoff's experience in the West as one of the great army of the unemployed, as a picker-up of odd jobs, as a farm hand, as truckman in a factory, as a road-builder, and in other close associations with unskilled labor from Chicago to the Pacific. No recent writer has done so much as Mr. Wyckoff to throw light upon social conditions or to quicken the sympathy of those who are more fortunate with those who are less so.

Readers of Mr. Merriman's latest story, "Roden's Corner," will not soon forget the narrow escape of the hero from the plot of Van Holzen, who locks him into a room where there is a vessel from which carbonic acid gas is being rapidly evolved. He is overcome by the gas and falls to the floor. There he is revived by the purer air, and reflects that he must not arise lest he come under the power of the gas again. Dragging himself to the door, under which fresh air enters from without, he bursts it open and so is saved. So matters go in the story; but a correspondent of *The Academy* directs attention to the fact that carbonic acid gas is much heavier than air, and that the hero would have been scarcely aware of its presence until it had risen to the level of his head, when, if he had fallen, he surely would not have regained consciousness. But cannot a novelist be allowed to forget the specific gravity of gases?

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